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CONCENTRATION CAMPS USA

by Charles R. Allen, Jr.

THE CITIZENS COMMITTEE FOR CONSTITUTIONAL LIBERTIES feels it urgent that people be aware of the existence of concentration camps—authorized by TITLE II of the McCarran Internal Security Act and maintained by the Federal Government—especially in this period in which strong opposition to Government foreign and domestic policies is equated with disloyalty.

To this end the CCCL commissioned Charles R. Allen, Jr., author of "Heusinger of the Fourth Reich" and journalist who wrote the 1952 exposé of the camps, to visit the concentration camps, the responsible government bureaus, and to write this story —"Concentration Camps, U.S.A."

The CCCL, organized in 1961, works for constitutional liberties, primarily through the nullification and repeal of the McCarran Internal Security Act 1950, which is the extension and legal arm of mccarthyism. Through education and action campaigns the CCCL exposes the denial of constitutional rights through the McCarran Act registration orders, denial of passports and jobs, Communist disclaimer oaths in Medicare and Federal Student Loan programs, through similar southern laws for racist and extreme right usage, and amendments by House Un-American Activities Comm. to reinforce sections of the McCarran Act.

The Citizens Committee publishes the newspaper LIBERTY, pamphlets, timely flyers, fact sheets, petitions and ads; organizes rallies, forums, cultural events; provides speakers; and through national mailings reaches thousands of opinion makers, doers, legislators, organizations and publications.

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So We Have Come to This! 2

The Grievous Departure 5

Ready for the Round-Up 6

Allenwood, Pennsylvania: 1952 9

The U.S. Bureau of Prisons 18

The Camps of McCarran: 1966 21
- Allenwood Revisited 21
- El Reno, Oklahoma 26
- Florence, Arizona 33
- Wickenburg, Arizona 39
- Tule Lake, California 45

The FBI and "Operation Dragnet" 53

So We Have Come To This

The Arizona road dipped suddenly out of a high serpentine ridge and fell straight out like a great javelin dropping ever faster and deeper down, down until it was lost from sight in the blinding rays of a white-hot sun.

To all points stretched the desert. Off in the dim, shimmering distance were the brooding, purple peaks of the incongruously snow-capped Vulture Mountains. Like mute towers that seemed to hang suspended above and beyond the endless track were the jagged escarpments of Black Butte, Eagle Eye and Fore Paw—names of a by-gone frontier—that marked the outermost rim of this remote world, dead and baking in 105° heat. A relentless glare blinded the eyes, set fire to the throat and numbed the brain.

The silence was consuming. Even the occasional truck or car that whined along the highway scarcely broke the deathly still of the place.

At noon, the vast desert stood utterly mute, unfeeling, removed, beaten down with unsufferable heat. Here and there, off against the distant horizons a sudden grey swirl—a 'desert devil'—would spin noiselessly, like some aboriginal shade condemned to wander aimlessly forever across the ancient desert floor.

Several hundred yards off the only road to go through the desert —a road which seemed to have tenuous life of its own, hurrying, anxiously, to get out as quickly as it could—there stood a cluster of single-story buildings, white in the sun, surrounded by a high barbed-wire fence. A broken empty shack marked the entrance to the site of the Wickenburg Federal Prison Camp, one of six locations scattered across the United States which had been set aside under the terms of the 1950 McCarran Act to serve as so-called detention camps if an "internal security emergency" were declared by a single person, the President of the United States. American citizens could be imprisoned in such a camp solely on "suspicion" that they would "probably conspire to commit espionage or sabotage."

Since 1952 this grim site—along with five others—had been prepared to hold several thousand citizens. The evidence is clear that during the Korean War there had been every intention to use it. No less than on 24 occasions U.S. Congressmen and Senators

have tried to have an "internal security emergency" declared on the strength of "evidence" that "Communists" were on the verge of overthrowing the country through their asserted "subversion" of the civil rights and peace movements and key trade unions.

Sixteen years after the passage of the McCarran Act, its Title II —the Emergency Detention section—was still in full force as the law of the land. Now a new war—in Vietnam—undeclared, unpopular and the growing source of bitter frustrations and irrationalities which could well spawn a crisis even worse than the paroxysm, known as McCarthyism, which throttled the nation with fear during the 1950's—threatened to make a grim reality of "emergency detention" for America.

"For better or worse, we seem to be moving toward a deeper involvement and a wider war in Vietnam," said Arthur M. Schlessinger, Jr. in the August 12, 1966 issue of *Saturday Evening Post*. "This, I believe, is *the condition which we must anticipate and for which we must prepare*. As the war increasingly dominates and obsesses our national life, we can look for the appearance of associated symptoms: the oversimplification of issues, the exchange of invective, the questioning of motives and loyalties and the degradation of debate.

"Before we know it, we may be developing an atmosphere which only requires a new McCarthy to become a new McCarthyism," he commented pointedly in considering the rising tide of paranoid politics in America that equates peace and civil rights movements with a "Communist" take-over of the country.

The war in Vietnam could easily generate such an atmosphere; it could easily and quickly escalate to the brink of war with China, plunge the nation into all-out mobilization and set the stage for the immediate declaration of an "internal security emergency" by the President that would fill the detention camps with thousands of American citizens—"potential spies and saboteurs"—virtually overnight.

It was of course difficult to imagine such a terrible thing as I looked out over the vast desert. But there was one of the detention camps, Wickenburg, sitting before me—silent, empty of prisoners at the moment—but waiting and ready, like some infernal bomb that the slightest political accident or wholly unexpected stupidity could blow sky high.

I could not help but recall the anguish of the late United States Senator, William Langer, the wonderfully non-conforming Re-

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR

An International Daily Newspaper

EASTERN EDITION

Declaration of war?

U.S. faces escalation consequences

Picket Accused of Insurrection Over War Protest in Atlanta

ATLANTA, Aug. 19 (AP)— An Atlanta judge sentenced 12 antiwar demonstrators to jail today and bound one of them for grand jury action on an insurrection charge stemming from an assault on an army induction center.

City Court Judge T. C. Little invoked an 1870 insurrection law after sentencing Johnny C. Wilson, about 19 years old, to 120 days for disorderly conduct and failure to obey an officer.

Judge Little swept aside defense arguments that the Georgia statute, which carries the death penalty as a maximum sentence, had been voided in decisions by the United States Supreme Court.

The judge, who said his own son was serving in Vietnam, imposed sentences ranging from 30 to 90 days on the other defendants, most of whom have been active in the Student Non-violent Coordinating Committee.

Appeals Called Likely

The defense attorney, Howard Moore of Atlanta, said he would probably appeal all the convictions.

Wilson was bound over to a grand jury on charges of resisting arrest, inciting insurrection, and battery.

Appeals bonds $1,000 on each conv Little tried the cas jury. Four of the N were ordered bound grand jury on cha sault and battery.

The arrests were

day in front of 12th Army Corp headquarters, where about Negroes picketed in protest United States involvement Vietnam.

About 10 protesters res the picketing for about an today and then left fo courtroom.

The charges on which sentences were made w orderly conduct-resist rest, failure to obey officer and creating ance.

Police officers an sonnel testified tha fought arresting that other demos tried to rescue Iho custody.

The Municipal said the evide "complete disre authority, and ity asked for said there w both state an ity with appe pede the ri porting for 2,000 Judge Litt pro-secutor insurrectio

CLEVELAND RIOTS LINKED TO REDS

Grand Jury Charges a Small Group of 'Professionals' Exploited Disorders

By WALTER RUGABER

Special to The New York Times

CLEVELAND, Aug. 9 — A Cuyahoga County grand jury charged tonight that racial violence here last month and in June was "organized and exploited" by a small group of "trained and disciplined professionals at this business."

They were aided by "misguided people," the panel said, "many of whom are avowed believers in violence and extremism, and some of whom also are either members officers in the party." The

*Viet consequences loom before U.S.

American escalation (bombing North Vietnam middle and then more severely)

Peking, or an act of ungovernable anger or ideological outrage or of national pride, is not ruled out. It is also recalled that the

PEACE AND CIVIL RIGHTS.— Headlines which capsule the immediate applicability of Title II—the Emergency Detention section of the McCarran Act. In event of a "declaration of war" or fear of an "imminent invasion of the United States or any of its possessions"—such as a U.S. marine base in South Vietnam —or in the event of an "insurrection from within" (that is a national civil rights upheaval or strike assertedly "linked to reds"), the President, acting alone, may simply declare the existence of an "internal security emergency." This utterance would set off the biggest man-hunt in American history: the FBI "Operation Dragnet" which would put thousands of American citizens in "detention camps" for indefinite sentences under the pretext of their being "potential spies and saboteurs."

publican from North Dakota, one of a handful in Congress who fought a truly principled struggle against the McCarran Act during those stormy days of 1950 when the country was fighting a war 10,000 miles away in Korea and wracked by the hysteria of McCarthyism at home.

"So now it is proposed to have concentration camps in America!" he cried at the end of his long, one-man filibuster against final passage of the McCarran Act.

"We can be absolutely certain that the concentration camps are for only one purpose. Namely, to put in them the kind of people those in authority do not like. So we have come to this!"

He had no sooner uttered the last words when he suddenly crashed forward to the Senate floor.

In the ensuing clamor, as the stretcher bearing "Wild Bill" Langer's prostrate form was carried out of the Senate chamber, a reporter covering the tumultous uproar was heard to remark: "They've just carried out the Bill of Rights—and don't you forget it!"

The Grievous Departure

How did the detention camps come into being? The Internal Security Act of 1950 (popularly known as the McCarran Act) has a section called Title II which specifically provides for the establishment of so-called detention centers. Title II authorizes the Attorney General of the United States to apprehend and detain "in such places of detention as may be provided by him . . . all persons as to whom there is reasonable ground to believe that such person *probably* will engage in or *probably* will conspire with others to engage in acts of espionage and sabotage."

Such procedure is contingent upon the declaration of an "internal security emergency" by the President alone under certain conditions—namely, an invasion of the United States or its possessions; a declaration of war by Congress; or an "insurrection" within the United States in aid of a "foreign enemy."

During August and September of 1950, the United States Senate witnessed the turbulent passage of the McCarran Act, whose primary provision required that organizations, periodicals and individuals, accused of being "agents of a totalitarian power" by

the Attorney General, register themselves as such with the Justice Department.

The detention camp provision was, interestingly enough, *not* an original part of the McCarran Act. In point of fact, the original proponents of the McCarran Act fought **against** inclusion of the Title II detention camp proposal, scoring it as "a concentration camp measure."

The detention camp proposal as presented by a group of Democrats in the Senate was readily crushed by the McCarran forces—who then turned around and added the measure (in even more severe form!) to their own bill, calling it Title II of the McCarran Act.

A mere seven United States Senators voted against the McCarran Act on September 12, 1950, and they were swamped by the 70 who passed the measure. Later—on September 22nd—three more joined the original seven in a courageous but foredoomed attempt to sustain President Harry S. Truman's vigorous, yet futile veto of the McCarran Act.

With typical candor, President Truman had warned in his historic veto message that the McCarran Act "put the government of the United States into the thought-control business." What the President did not say was that the McCarran Act also put the government into the construction business—the construction of concentration camps. They are now up and ready—and have been for more than fourteen years—waiting to be filled, according to a law of the United States which today is still in full force.

Ready for the Round-Up

K: Just exactly who are you?

Catlett: None of your business. We've come to arrest you.

K: Arrest me! Why?

Catlett: It's not our job to tell you why. Go into your room and wait.

Yourkiewicz: Remember, we're being very nice to you. We have nothing against you personally. If all your guards from now on are just as nice to you as we are, you'll have no reason to complain.

The Trial
by Franz Kafka

A Concentration Camp Is A Concentration Camp

Less than twenty-four hours after final passage of the McCarran Act, the Attorney General of the United States, J. Howard McGrath, characterizing the law "as a symbol of the national hysteria over Communism" stated that it would take him about two years to implement the detention camp provisions of the new law.

As good as his word, McGrath chose New Year's Eve of 1952 to announce that he had ordered the camps to be set up on a "stand-by basis" at six locations across the United States.

"Federal prison labor is already at work on three major installations with a combined capacity for housing more than 3,000 persons," the Associated Press reported out of Washington. The report went on to say that the camps were being "quietly" erected at Wickenburg and Florence, Arizona, and El Reno, Oklahoma, the latter places having served as prisoner-of-war camps during World War II.

Other sites were specified as Allenwood, Pennsylvania; Avon Park, Florida; and Tule Lake, California.

Within two weeks, Senator James Eastland, Democrat of Mississippi, the ranking member of the Internal Security subcommittee charged with overseeing the McCarran Act, placed a bill before the Senate demanding that "a state of internal security emergency be declared immediately by Congress." He insisted he had "reliable information" that 50,000 "Communists" were ready to overthrow the government of the United States.

"If we are to keep faith with those of our own flesh and blood who are facing the bullets of the Communists on the battlefields of Korea, the least we can do is to promptly seize and detain under lock and key, each and everyone of the 50,000 identifiable, trained and hardened traitors," he said.

Against a rising tide of McCarthyism at home and sensational reverses in the Korean war abroad, the United Press reported that J. Howard McGrath had expanded the Justice Department's Internal Security Division and was "quietly pushing a program pin-pointing dangerous subversives for immediate arrest" at a time of "emergency."

Master "pick-up lists" had already been prepared in Washington on the basis of "many thousands of FBI reports," the wire service stated, and "Operation Dragnet" (code name for the mass arrests)

could start a round-up of "tens of thousands of potential spies and saboteurs *within a few hours.*"

"Justice Department officials—including FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover—are understood to feel that the program is necessary to make sure an anti-subversive round-up can be carried out without confusion and as quickly as possible," the UP added.

Even the *Chicago Daily Tribune,* that caricature of Midwest reaction, found all of these developments too much. Denouncing "Concentration Camps in America," a long, thoughtfully and well written editorial published a few days after the announcement of the selection of the six camp sites underscored the feelings of many Americans when it pointed out: "The zeal of the attorney general in getting ready to put this section of the internal security act into effect . . . is strange and ominous.

"The constitutional rights of the individual now face dangers without precedent, and the Truman Administration could easily use the Korean war as pretext for the jailing of political oponents or critics of the existing administration.

". . . a man or women can simply be made to disappear into a federal concentration camp without even anybody knowing of his fate or coming forward to defend him," the newspaper warned.

In an angry letter sent to President Truman, three religious leaders in Oregon—the Episcopal and Methodist bishops of the state and a well-known Rabbi—demanded that the government cease its "detention camp" program: "A concentration camp is a concentration camp," they said, "no matter what other name is used." Where, they asked, does this hysteria lead to and when does it end?

Those questions still remain to be answered.

In an effort to find out what this hysteria has led to up to the present, I set out in the spring of 1966 on a three-week tour of the detention camp sites in the United States to determine their present status and condition. But before reporting my findings, by way of contrast and comparison, I would like to acquaint my readers with a report of a similar trip which I made in the summer of 1952 to the camp site in Allenwood, Pa. That report originally appeared in the New York *Compass* in August and September of 1952, as part of a series called "Detention Camps U.S.A." and was followed by many of my writings on the subject such as that in the September 13, 1952 issue of *The New Statesman and Nation* of London, England, under the title "Concentration Camps in

the U.S.?" Subsequently reprinted, quoted, and commented on in more than 40 languages by the world's press, radio and TV media, my articles also touched off extensive debates in the British, French, Belgian, Italian and Japanese parliaments. In the United States, however, there was practically no public discussion of the McCarran Act camps.

Allenwood, Pennsylvania: 1952

Allenwood, Pennsylvania, is a drowsy village of 400 souls on a bend of the picturesque Susquehanna River in the mountainous part of the Keystone state. A few miles to the north is Williamsport. The state capital, Harrisburg, is 80 miles to the south. Allenwood is farm country; wheat, barley, corn and oats are nurtured by the rich black earth of the river valley.

On the main highway just a few minutes north of the village, one comes upon a large sign:

FEDERAL PRISON CAMP

Beneath this is another sign which further identifies the place as the Susquehanna Ordnance Depot. A macadam road runs perpendicularly off the main highway (route 80) and—after not quite a mile's run—there is yet a third sign which ironically warns: DEAD END. It is a "military road" and there is no trespassing beyond this point. To go farther, it is necessary to pass through a "check point"— a large frame house off to the side of the road.

After clearing the "check point," the road curves over and away, and the camp's main gate and central area come into sight. The camp actually is situated on a shelf which rises some 500 feet off the valley floor and is ringed on all sides by the gently sloping Appalachians.

Beyond the main gate—a barbed wire structure about 10 feet high—was a cluster of building. Men wandered about outside. Down from this group were more buildings and an enormous stack from which came thin wisps of smoke. Several roads led off the main artery which ran directly to the central cluster of the gate. Running down from the main building was a well-trimmed path, neatly edged with flowers. In a circle directly fronting the building was a tall wooden pole. The flag of the United States snapped in the mountain breeze.

The stone road leading up to the superintendent's office was narrow and rutted. It led up an incline into an obviously recently improvised cinder parking lot situated in the crook of a rambling, freshly painted, T-shaped structure. A small sign at the door read: VISITORS.

Everywhere was evidence of refurbishing: workmen in blue jeans carried paint buckets, carpenter's tools, boards, boxes of nails, ladders. The workmen were all prisoners—trusties who had been brought here specifically for the job they were doing.

The Superintendent of the Federal prison camp rose slowly from behind a large desk and extended his hand in welcome.

Guy C. Rexroad, Col., U.S.A. (Ret'd), was well into his sixties, erect, slender and bronzed from the sun. His thinning gray hair, thin clean-cut features and metal-framed glasses accentuated his quiet, unhurried manner. He spoke softly, and never took his eyes off the person he was talking to.

"Sit down," he waved me into a straight-backed chair. "You'll have to excuse the appearance of things but we are just getting out of the woods here."

The office contained only essentials: two desks placed back-to-back, a filing cabinet, a bare wooden floor. The walls were of compo board and had been painted a light grey. On the wall was a large, well-worn map.

"Now what can I do for you?" the Colonel asked with a steady gaze. I told him there were reports that Allenwood was being rehabilitated for use as a detention camp under provisions of the 1950 Internal Security Act. I was here to find out.

"Yes," Col. Rexroad said, "that is the basic nature of our mission here."

He went on to explain that he was an employee of the Justice Department's Bureau of Prisons and that as a public official he always cooperated with the press. "But," he continued, "you're the first newspaperman we've had here. And if you love your country, you won't tell everything that you see here . . ."

He paused, looking intently at me. I looked back at him and did not say a word or give any indication whatsoever that his last remark meant anything to his auditor.

". . . but before we go out to see the camp, come on over to the map and I'll explain the set-up here to you."

We went over to the map and he picked up a pointer, stood to

the side and, in carefully measured phrases gave me a detailed, informative description of the place.

TNT, Igloos and Kids

He explained that originally the government had purchased the land in 1943 for the manufacture, testing, packing, storing and shipping of TNT for the war effort. The government then leased the 9,400 acres which presently comprise the prison camp to the United States Rubber Co. which employed 10,000 people producing the TNT. Army Ordnance handled the testing of the explosive. The plant was in operation from 1943 until 1947 when the manufacture of TNT was abandoned. The site lay in disuse until February 1952 when Colone l Rexroad and 60 trusties arrived to rehabilitate it as a detention camp.

The Colonel explained that there had been a veritable city on this wooded site during the war; 77 miles of roads wind through its acreage and 50 miles of railroad tracks run inside its enclosures. During the "TNT days"—as the Colonel jokingly referred to the past—there were several churches, a fire department, a police department, restaurants, some residences, a huge warehouse, machine shops and three power stations.

The Colonel also pointed out on the map "the place where we keep the igloos." An "igloo" is a large mound of earth in which TNT and TNT shells are stored. Like an iceberg, its greatest bulk is hidden beneath the surface. The interior of shaped concrete and steel is, in effect, the magazine for the finished TNT product.

"The igloos contain the TNT perfectly," the Colonel explained, "so that there could never be a series of explosions which would entirely destroy the munitions dump." While not in use at the moment, he noted, the plant could easily be reconverted to TNT production if need be.

Up to this point the superintendent had not said a word about the purpose of his "present mission" as he described it.

At last he paused, and the preliminaries seemed over. "Now, here's where we are," he said, pointing to the figure marked "Control Point" on the map. The administration building and the smaller structures surrounding it made up the "Control Point."

"We should be finishing this up in another few weeks and then we can get started on the buildings for the subversives." The pointer moved slowly toward the "igloo" section of the map.

"This building—over here—yes, there was, and still is, a ware-

house," the Colonel continued. "After we fix it up it ought to be able to get 1,500 or maybe more into it."

He then leveled his pointer in another direction: "This was the machine shop, a big place. It will be very accommodating. It's very large—nearly 300 feet long and more than two stories high. We can squeeze at least 3,000 down there."

He motioned to a third cluster of buildings near to the so-called "Control Point." "If we need the room we can take this and work in another thousand or so. But we ought to be able to get started on the barracks within the next month or so."

What kind of camp was it to be, I asked him—for males only, mixed or what?

"So far the uniforms we've received and the material we have here is for males but I guess there'll be women too. Probably whole families. I know that's what they did with the Japanese. It's more humane than breaking up the families."

"Kids, too?" I asked. He stopped, brought up short by the question, and looked off into the distance.

"Yes, kids, too, maybe . . . But maybe nobody will come here. God, I hope not. But what should we do in case of war? As I understand it, those people would overthrow the government by force and violence if we didn't put them away," he almost protested.

But kids, old men and women? Entire families about to conspire in espionage and sabotage?

"Come on," he said, almost losing his composure, "Let's go . . ."

We then went outside and stood on the grassy bank which fronts the administration section. The Colonel pointed out the sights below us: over to the left was the power station ("We completely renovated the machinery there and it's in excellent condition. Ready to go."); to its right was a large garage housing a fire truck ("Fortunately, the engineer who ran this during the war is working right along with us.") and directly below this group of structures was the "change" buildings where workers had been frisked for evidence of theft and sabotage during the war.

"And over here," the superintendent waved his hand, "was what used to serve us as the cafeteria and that little brick shack in front of it was the telephone exchange for the whole place."

We both stood there for what seemed like an interminable time. Colonel Rexroad then turned and said, "Well, let's get into the car and see where we're going to stick 'em."

We drove down several winding, battered roads—some of worn-out macadam, most of stone and earth—to reach the first barracks section. Frequently we passed over railroad tracks which obviously were in disuse.

Would the camp authorities ship detainees in by freight train?

The Colonel replied, "That's something I have nothing to do with. Once my job of rehabilitating this place is completed, well, I'm finished and I'll go off to some other job. But I would judge that trains might be more efficient for transporting them than buses and trucks."

Five minutes of cautious driving over the pocked road brought us to a rise which commanded an extensive view of the back of the camp. Off to the south was a vast stretch of huge earthen mounds: the "igloos" which had held the completed TNT. To the north and west were many odd, metal structures. "They look like baseball backstops on stilts," I told the Colonel. Yes, he agreed with a smile, and then explained that the "backstops" were placed over spots where the raw TNT had been handled. "The superstructure over each section serves to contain the explosion should one of them suddenly go off," he said.

The earthen mounds, the crazy tilt of the abondoned steel superstructures offered a wierd contrast to the gently rolling pastoral hills and mountains. The superintendent gave a motion to his right and said, "Turn off here and we'll take a look at the place we'll use for the main barracks."

The "main barracks" was a long oblong structure nearly twenty feet high, with large windows and a flat roof. The walls were of concrete block; the flooring was cement. This had once been the main machine shop of the TNT complex. Abandoned machinery, metal drawers still jammed with greasy nuts and bolts were still in evidence.

"This place is in fine shape," Colonel Rexroad remarked with the casual objectivity of a buildings inspector. "The only thing we're doing now is maintaining the roof. We'll get to the barracks after everything else is taken care of. But we can easily squeeze as many as 3,000 in here. I think maybe even more. We can even make two floors out of it and sleep them in tiers—you know, those wooden shelf-like beds. Five levels to a section."

When would the barracks be ready for occupancy? "Within the

year," responded the superintendent. "And if there's a war or Congress orders them to be put in prison before then, well, we'd just have to stick them down here right away and have them build their own shelter. They'll have builders and carpenters among their own people, I suspect."

As we left the drab building destined to be Barracks One, the Colonel pointed toward the far end and said, "You see, the railroad siding comes right up to the loading platform here and it would be a simple matter to put it back into shape."

We then drove closer to the "igloos." As we turned a sharp curve, another oblong building came into view, smaller than the first barracks. "I'll be able to get at least 1500 into there," the head of the Allenwood camp observed. Could we stop and look at it? "I'd rather not," he said. I noticed some men—not trusties —unloading a truck at the other end." Was the Army still using the place as a warehouse? Yes was the answer. And was he storing material there for use in the camp? Yes, again. "But the warehouse poses a particular problem," he said, changing the subject abruptly. "There are no windows in it and they've (the detainees) got to have ventilation."

Then there would be sunshine and fresh air for the inmates? "Oh, it won't be any picnic. Probably won't be any better—if as good—as the Japanese camps."

He then said: "Let's go down and see one of the igloos."

7,000 Concentrationaries

As we drove along a road leading into the block of earthen mounds, he remarked: "These are all closed. But drive down here to number 82. It's the only one open." We turned into 82. It was covered with high grass and weeds. "Perfect camouflage," the Colonel enthused.

He led the way to a large, yellow metal door which he opened with difficulty. As the door slowly swung open, the rusted hinges squeaked and the interior of the igloo echoed eerily with the sound.

"Listen!" he instructed, as we entered the magazine.

He clapped his hands. The smack resounded. He called "Halloooo!" and his voice smashed about the hollow innards.

It was like standing at the bottom of a great, steel ball. At the top was an opening, for ventilation presumably. How many shells did an igloo hold? He didn't know.

"How many human beings could this place hold, dead or alive?"

I asked, turning to the superintendent of the Allenwood detention camp. My question echoed and re-echoed in the igloo, and outside the sun was momentarily obscured by a passing cloud so that the interior was plunged into temporary darkness. The last part of his answer reached me first because of the peculiar acoustics: ". . . wouldn't do that. . . . We wouldn't do that," his voice boomed.

We went outside to inspect the last barracks.

Barracks Three was much smaller than its counterparts. It was quite the closest to the "Control Point." It was a typical army-style barracks. "We'll use this one after the others are filled," he said. "As you can see, it will hold only a couple hundred, if that. The walls are in very bad shape and need repairing. But it does have a nice view," he remarked, pointing to the hills and river valley beyond the barbed wire fence.

"All told then, you will be ready to handle from four to seven thousand prisoners here?"

"Yes, that's just about the number," he acknowledged. "Although now you know just as much as I do about the place. I don't know when they'll be coming here or how they'll be treated. I'm just here to put the place in order."

PURPOSE OF CONCENTRATION CAMP

"The concentration camp first used against the people of Germany, was one of the fundamental institutions of the Nazi regime. It was a pillar of the system of terror by which the Nazis consolidated their power over Germany. It was a primary weapon in the battle against the Jews, against the Christian Church, against labor, against those who wanted peace, against opposition or nonconformity of any kind.

"The concentration camp involved the systematic use of terror to achieve the cohesion within Germany which was necessary for the execution of the (Nazi) conspirators' plans for aggression. It was the final link in a chain of terror and repression which involved the SS and the Gestapo, and which resulted in the apprehension of victims and their confinement without trial, often without charges, and generally with no indication of the length of their detention."

Statement of American prosecution at
Nuremberg War Crimes Trials, 1946.
Nazi Conspiracy and Aggression.

I observed that the camp suggested hot summers and very cold winters. "Oh, my, yes" the Colonel corroborated. "It can get very warm here, and when it rains the roads turn to mud. Very cold too during the winter. Bitter cold winds and heavy deep snows. I know because I spent the last part of the winter here."

Colonel Rexroad allowed that we had just about seen every nook and cranny of the camp. "As I said," he laughed, "you know as much about this place as I do!" He then said in a confidential aside: "Now, look, young fellow. Don't go blowing this thing up. You know, out of proportion. I think the less people know, the less worrying they'll do. You know what I mean? After all, it is part of our national defense."

We shook hands and said good-bye.

. . . It Will Be Favorable

To ascertain as accurately and comprehensively as I could the reaction of the communities surrounding the Allenwood camp in 1952, I interviewed more than 150 people from all walks of life from as far west of the camp as Lock Haven, as far north as Williamsport, as far south as York and Harrisburg, and as far east as Hazelton, as though I had taken a 110-mile radius and made a huge circle in central Pennsylvania.

In Williamsport, a city of 45,000, the city editor of the daily newspaper, the *Sun*, knew of the camp.

"We did carry a short piece on the thing last February when they moved in to rehabilitate it," he told me. "We used the term 'detention camp for subversives,' you know, Communists. I know the wire services used the term 'concentration camp' but not us. . . . Never said anything editorially and there has been no reaction from anyone in town about the camp either. . . . If we ever do get around to saying anything, however, it would be favorable, I can tell you that. . . ."

Another editor in Williamsport was a bit more blunt: "No, we haven't printed a word editorially on the thing. Not a line. After all, nobody's in there yet. We wouldn't want to stir things up unnecessarily. And I doubt if you'll find anybody who has said a word about this thing in the entire state. . . . What do I think personally? Well, we got to do something in the event of war, don't we?" I remarked that even during World War II there was no such move to imprison Nazis or so-called Nazi-sympathizers. "Well, this time it's different," he snapped.

In Williamsport I talked with drug store clerks, soda jerks, shoppers, housewives doing the marketing and other chores, waitresses, sales clerks, a policeman and a half dozen men in the lobby of the town's leading hotel. Not a single one had ever heard of the rehabilitation of the Allenwood camp for detention purposes and not a single one—upon being informed—expressed the slightest concern.

I talked with two Protestant clergymen picked at random from the telephone directory. Neither had heard of the camp as a 'concentration camp' and indicated quickly that they did not care to discuss the matter.

Later that night, I intervieved some 20 persons in Lewisburg, among them the editor and publisher of that college town's newspaper, the *Journal*. "No we haven't carried a line on it," he said. "Nothing is going on up there as far as we know . . . but if they start herding people into the place, I guess we'd say something . . . I know none of the other papers in the county has said a word about it." The *Journal's* managing editor told me that the village of Allenwood didn't have enough "color" for his readers.

Others I talked with included the hotel night clerk, a waitress from the town, several college students (two of whom were natives of Lewisburg), a Bucknell University professor of political science, the town's traffic cop, three cab drivers, a retired business man and a lawyer. Other than the college professor who was vaguely—quite vaguely—aware of the detention provisions of the McCarran Act and the lawyer who claimed having "read about it somewhere in a law review," not a soul knew of the activity just 26 miles to the north.

I talked with the town's leading Protestant cleric who expressed horror at the very idea of a detention camp and quickly concluded that nothing of the sort was going on. But he wound up by assuring me that "only the godless will go there, son."

No Union Label

In Harrisburg, capital of the state, I talked at length with the city editor and a desk man from the *Patriot*. "We carried the wire stories about the concentration camps but that was all," the city editor said. A diligent search of the paper's back issues and morgue disclosed that his memory was correct: other than the January 2, 1952 AP story datelined Washington, there was nothing.

An official of the United Labor Council (CIO) told me em-

phatically, "Look, we haven't said a thing about it (the camp), don't plan to and don't wish to . . . and you can quote me if you want to." He declined, however, to give his name for attribution.

The offices of the mayor of Harrisburg and the Governor of the Commonwealth also "declined" comment.

In York there was a single, strong exception to the overall pattern of the press and its responsibility toward reporting the fact of the Allenwood detention camp. The national, prize-winning *Gazette & Daily* had prominently displayed innumerable wire stories and special features about the detention provisions of the 1950 Internal Security Act. Its editorial board—comprised of owner J. W. Gitt, assistant editor James Higgins, columnist David Wesley, and city editor Lou Stone—were fully conversant with Title II of the McCarran Act. The paper had also carried several lengthy and biting editorials against the enactment of the detention camp provisos.

Perhaps the most memorable and ironic comment came from an official of the Building and Trades Council (AFL) in Harrisburg. He had a great deal to say about the situation: "Yeah, I know all about that thing," he told me with assurance. "Terrible, positively terrible, isn't it? And do you know what?—the government is using *prison labor!*" He slammed a huge hand down on his desk for emphasis. "Prison labor! Not union labor, mind you, but prison labor!"

The U.S. Bureau of Prisons

In the late spring of 1966, before I set out to revisit Allenwood and to take a look at the other detention camp sites for the first time—I of course had to ascertain their precise official status today with the responsible government agency, in this case the U.S. Bureau of Prisons. Was the detention camp program still in existence, or had it been dropped?

Both professionally and personally, I have been favorably impressed by the Bureau. In sharp contrast to other federal agencies, the Bureau of Prisons usually has responded quickly and fully to a journalist's inquiries and has a high credibility rating. I have found the Bureau as good as its word; this cannot be said for many bureaucracies anywhere. Moreover, the Bureau has a generally progressive approach to penology. A New Deal tradition of

sorts has been passed down from James V. Bennett, who was appointed by President Roosevelt in the 1930's, to today's director, Merle Alexander. The men who are responsible for its far-flung prison system—ranging from enormous penitentiaries to small, out-of-the-way lock-ups—are decent and dedicated and they have implemented some of the most advanced reforms in recent penology.

I discovered that U.S. Bureau of Prisons personnel, from the director down to junior staff employees in the field, were virtually unanimous in their resentment of and distaste for the responsibility of maintaining the detention camp system.

In my first series of interviews with Mr. Merle Alexander, Director of the Bureau, and the Public Information Officer, Mr. Allan Hoffard, this became evident and remained evident throughout my tour of the six detention camps.

I had frankly stated my full purpose to the Bureau when originally seeking permission to tour the camps. The Washington Headquarters of the Bureau well remembered my earlier writings on the camps. "Oh yes," mused Allan Hoffard, "that was during the good old days around here. The good old McCarthy days." It was said with a fine irony.

Nontheless, the Bureau still had responsibility, did it not, for maintaining the detention camp sites on a stand-by basis as it had since the passage of the McCarran Act in 1950?

"Yes," the Bureau answered, "it is still our responsibility and has been a continuous one with the Bureau since 1952."

In 1952 the sum of $775,000 had been appropriated for the Bureau to carry out the detention camp program on a stand-by basis. I asked what sums had been used since this initial outlay.

"No additional sums have been appropriated for detention camp purposes," the Bureau replied. "The centers have either been closed or phased into the regular operations of the Bureau of Prisons."

Camps Up and Ready

I knew that in 1953 Mr. James V. Bennett, then the Bureau Director, had announced the "closing" of the Tule Lake, California and Wickenburg, Arizona sites but this did not mean they had been put out of operation permanently. Mr. Bennett indeed had said: "These two camps were deactivated because the repair work essential to place them in a usable condition had been completed." This clearly implies that the camps are fully repaired now, that no

further appropriations are necessary and that the camp sites are being maintained on a stand-by basis ready for instant use should Title II of the McCarran Act ever be invoked.

Yes, it was readily conceded, such is now the case, and would be the case until the law itself was repealed.

In 1952, I observed, the Justice Department had named six detention camp sites: Allenwood, Pa.; Avon Park, Florida; El Reno, Oklahoma; Wickenburg and Florence, Arizona; and, Tule Lake, California. Are these sites still in use and held at ready, so to speak, if Title II of the McCarran Act were ever invoked by either the Congress or the President of the United States?

"Florence, opened December 3, 1951, and Allenwood, opened April 23, 1952, are used as regular Federal Prison Camps," the Bureau officially replied. "The Federal Reformatory at El Reno uses the Detention center land for grazing purposes."

Mr. Hoffard then continued: "The other three centers were closed in 1953. Wickenburg and Tule Lake on May 22nd and Avon Park on October 16. The sites were declared surplus by the Department of Justice, and turned over to the General Services Administration for disposal. Avon Park is used as a prison site by the State of Florida."

I asked if any new sites had been rehabilitated or added for the same purposes as the original six locations. "No," the Bureau replied.

"Are there plans to add to the original number of six sites in the future?" I asked. "This would await instructions from the Attorney General," the Bureau answered.

I closed my interview by asking if the following statement—first issued by Mr. Bennett back in 1952—still was the view of the Bureau: "Certainly, the steps taken to provide these stand-by facilities to meet the responsibilities that may be placed upon the Department by the Internal Security Act should not be construed as any other than a precautionary measure."

I was told that this is still the view of the U.S. Bureau of Prisons.

Taking leave of the Bureau of Prisons in Washington, D.C. I immediately set out on a three-week tour that would cover more than 7,000 miles and take me across most of the United States. Now I would see for myself what the detention camp sites looked like 14 years after they had been set up as the first lawfully authorized concentration camps in American history.

The Camps of McCarran: 1966

ALLENWOOD REVISITED

Fourteen years have, quite literally, altered the face of Allenwood and the surrounding countryside in dramatic and significant ways.

A look at the road map provided the first clue to the important changes which had taken place since my last visit to the federal detention site tucked away in the Appalachian Mountains of central Pennsylvania. Today Allenwood is connected to Metropolitan New York by the new intra-state highway (Route 80) which starts in New Jersey, and then goes due west across the heart of Pennsylvania and on to Ohio.

Route 80, as a central east-west trunk line, has brought Allenwood closer to the outside world in both directions; in addition it links Allenwood to the South since its juncture with Highway 15—an even larger and busier north-south turnpike whose northern terminus is Williamsport—is just two minutes from Allenwood.

Needless to say, Allenwood is no longer a drowsy little village of 400 isolated souls. The town and its surrounding community has grown to more than ten times its 1952 size.

Yet, judging from the numerous gas stations providing special facilities for those diesel-burning trailers that ply the super highways, the ubiquitous motel complexes, elaborate roadside eateries and the housing developments dotting the countryside, the town has not begun to realize its potential growth.

In turn, this means that the Allenwood prison camp as a site for a detention center no longer has the advantages it once enjoyed. While the government would be able to take advantage of new highways for rapidly transporting detainees here from the New York-Philadelphia-Baltimore areas—and make no mistake about it, this is the reason for having selected Allenwood in the first place—it is no longer so out of reach of the curious and the concerned.

On the cold, rainy morning of April 27, 1966, when I turned my car off Route 80 into Allenwood, I did not have to ask for directions to the prison camp.

Two huge signs—one advertising the White Deer public golf links and the other the Federal Prison Camp—showed the way.

Another brace of signs—just off a kidney-shaped sand trap—pointed the way to the camp's control office, located a mile down a smoothly paved road.

One immediately sensed the improvements which had been made at Allenwood. The ten-foot high storm fence was still there, but there were no check points, no shacks, no semblance of the make-shift beginnings of fourteen years ago.

As the car topped a familiar rise, a panoramic view of the central camp came into sight. What one had merely sensed, now became fully evident. With but few exceptions, the former wooden buildings had been replaced by low-slung brick structures, rambling and handsome, tastefully adorned with large picture-windows and gleaming steel trim. All of the pipes which had formerly run in jagged patterns across the grounds were now buried from sight. Trim athletic grounds fronted the administration building and the parking lot was now a neatly marked fixture for staff and visitors. The smoke stack still stood next to Barracks One of the detention camp, but Barracks One had been transformed into a gleaming white clapboard structure that resembled nothing so much as a huge New England barn. Even in the grey, gloomy rain, the federal prison camp at Allenwood cut an impressive figure.

Barracks #3 of Allenwood camp site where prison authorities estimate "several hundred" inmates could be "squeezed in." Today it has been fully refurbished. The smokestack is part of the camp power plant.

A public golf course and a detention camp. Highway 15 leads two miles back off the highway to the Allenwood detention camp site.

My appearance caused Superintendent Edgar Haas and his staff quite a bit of consternation. Even though I had written Mr. Haas a note in advance of my coming and even though Mr. Merle Alexander, the director of the U.S. Bureau of Prisons, had assured me of his office's full cooperation, the Allenwood warden—lean, tall, with the rugged good looks of an outdoorsman and a shock of white hair, which contrasted with his tanned complexion—was visibly cautious and reserved.

A Lecture to Camp Staff

Immediately upon introducing himself, Haas called to a young, slight figure: "Oh, say, Gerry. Here's that journalist fellow from New York I told you about. Help him out if you can." Haas then virtually ran out of his office while a somewhat confused assistant took over.

The younger man was Gerald Lacattiva, a sociology graduate of Kings College (Wilkes Barre, Pa.) and Notre Dame University. He was the parole officer of the camp. He was soon joined in turn by another staffer, a burly, 36-year-old Korean war veteran who was the head of the camp's guards. Both of them spent the next half hour on the telephone with the Lewisburg Penitentiary warden trying to get permission to talk with me. The resulting interview was nearly comic.

The parole officer was obviously shaken when I gave him a reprint of my *New Statesman* article, "Concentration Camps in the U.S." While he and the chief guard pored over the piece, there were frequent grunts of disbelief and gasps of incredulity. "We don't run a concentration camp here!" the guard said, not without some anger, as he handed the article back to me.

"Oh, no, go ahead and keep it," I smiled, pushing it back at him. "No one said that you do run a concentration camp here. Not yet. But that is precisely what is intended under certain circumstances, as I'm sure you are well aware. Well, aren't you?"

Neither the parole officer nor the guard had ever heard of the Internal Security Act of 1950, let alone its Title II providing for detention camps!

"You mean to say you know nothing about the detention camp provisions of the McCarran Act?"

"What McCarran Act?" came the reply.

It was my turn to stammer incredulously.

I took a deep breath, and, for the next half hour—while a

driving April rain fell on the Allenwood detention camp site—I gave a thumbnail lecture on the McCarran Act and Title II to its staff.

When I had finished, there was utter silence. "You're not kidding, are you?" the parole officer asked, obviously unsettled.

I then proceeded to recite in precise detail what basic changes had taken place in the camp's make-up and layout since my last visit in 1952. At every point in my description, I would get a "Yeah, that's right, the brick buildings did replace those wooden barracks" or "True, those roads were covered over" or other like exclamations of corroboration.

How many acres did the site have now? 4500 was the answer. What happened to the other 5200 acres? "They've been sold or leased to private buyers for industrial and real property purposes," the parole officer responded.

Does the 10-foot high barbed wire fence still surround the camp property? "Yes, but you can see for yourself that we have a very informal set-up here. Just a few guards, no gun turrets or check-in points," the chief guard, Joseph R. Addaccio, answered.

Had they ever heard of Col. Rexroad, the superintendent who originally started the place's rehabilitation? "Yes, I know about him. He retired several years ago, after the Korean war," said Addaccio.

There was the same map which Col. Rexroad had used to brief me back in 1952 on the camp's lay-out. "Still pretty much the same?" I asked. Pretty much except smaller was the answer. "How about down here, where the 'igloos' were located? Are they still there?" "Yes," Addaccio replied.

1200 Tomorrow Morning

I then asked: "So what would happen if, for example, President Johnson or the Congress declared a 'state of national internal security emergency' say, next Tuesday afternoon? What would you guys do? Do you have any plans or what?"

Lacattiva—still disquieted, answered: "I know nothing about such a thing. I therefore know nothing about any operating procedure which we would put into execution under such an emergency. However we have plenty of ground here. Plenty of space. We could use existing facilities very quickly. Right now we have about 260 inmates here. We have had as high as 360 without straining the place. And—as you can see for yourself—the dormi-

tories provide for single accommodations with lots of space. We could easily and quickly double if not triple this available space. We could take 1200 people here tomorrow morning."

Purely as conjecture, he noted, "It appears to me that this camp would take care of those picked up in Philadelphia, Baltimore and New York. After all, we're now only about five hours from any of them by bus or truck."

I then asked him if the 70 miles of railroad track which had once run through the camp property were still in existence and usable. He replied: "A lot of that track went with the land which has been sold or leased. Much of it remains. I guess it could be put back into use if needed."

(My own subsequent examination of the track that I did find tended to substantiate his estimate: people—as well as supplies—could still be brought into Allenwood easily by train.)

"What if the government suddenly asked you to accommodate 5000 people?" I asked. "Forget it!" said Lacattiva, "we wouldn't have the capacity. With the expansion of other buildings, however, we could get capacity up to 3,000 after a while, but I'm no expert. You'd have to talk with the boss (Haas) about that," he said.

But Mr. Haas obviously did not wish to get involved in an interview. "Very frankly," I told them, "I could not help but overhear parts of your talks with Lewisburg. Tell me, did you ask for FBI *clearance* on discussing this matter with me?" I told them that the camps clearly came within the purview of the Public Information Law and not only bona fide journalists and authors had full access to this information, but ordinary citizens as well.

"Well, yes, to tell the truth," said the parole officer, "Mr. Haas did ask for such clearance but only as guidance in your case."

I then said: "Do me a favor, will you? Kindly tell Mr. Haas that I find his reluctance to be interviewed and to be fully open about this matter most intriguing. That for him to turn over the responsibility of handling my inquiries to you two—who don't know a damn thing about this matter—very interesting. I wish that you would particularly stress my interest in the existence of an established operating procedure in the event that Title II is ever invoked. It is quite obvious to me that he simply does not want to talk about such things."

I then asked: "Tell me, as professionals in the penology field, and young ones at that, how do you *professionally* feel about this place being used for the purpose of a detention camp?"

Lacattiva answered quietly: "I don't like it at all. It strikes me as well outside our proper duties." Addaccio simply shrugged: "Well, if we have to do it, we have to do it."

Just as I was about to drive off, I requested permission to drive about the place and to take some pictures. "Oh sure, take a look. But I'd rather you didn't take any pictures." I drove through the camp for about an hour, taking all the pictures I wanted of the far-reaching improvements in the camp.

I then retraced my steps by seeking out representative interviews with selected people from the various communities near the camp. With absolutely no exceptions—not even on the part of knowledgeable journalists with long experience in the area—people knew nothing about the McCarran Act, Title II and the underlying purpose that the Allenwood camp might one day be called upon to serve. All of the editors and publishers whom I had seen back in 1952 were gone: they had died or retired or moved on to other posts.

Without attempting to claim definite conclusions, I must report that generally the attitudes of people were much more relaxed and they were freer in their willingness to discuss detention camps and the internment of "subversives" than they had been in 1952. A young night editor at the Williamsport *Sun* summed up the typical reaction when he told me:

"It's hard to conceive of little old Allenwood becoming a concentration camp. It's a bit archaic, the idea, I mean. Why just today I tore off a long story from the AP wire telling all about the increasing exchanges between the Soviet Union and our government. And it's happening in all fields. I think it would be difficult to persuade people that they want to take over the country. And I say that despite the Vietnam war, which is something else again. Things are a whole lot different than they were in 1952, don't you think?"

EL RENO, OKLAHOMA

In the spring it is difficult to imagine blizzards whipping across the central plains of Oklahoma, plunging temperatures below zero. On an early May morning, the sky is a rich, blue vault that seems to stretch beyond a boundless horizon. White clouds contrast vividly with the pure azure of their setting as they glide noiselessly over the lush, green earth of these treeless plains. Occasionally,

meandering streams or broad irrigation ditches appear in fields of roaming Angus, Black Angus or Longhorn. The animals graze contentedly, stopping now and then to drink deeply from a water hole or to rest in the shade of a solitary tree stark against the sky.

El Reno is a mere 30 miles from Oklahoma City, a distance covered in less than half an hour on the broad, three-laned, divided Route 66.

The town itself has two or three main streets, a movie, two drive-ins, a handful of chain stores (Woolworths, Sears, Quality Drugs), and tall, white grain elevators standing like shimmering beacons on a flat, green sea of plains grass.

The town's population has doubled since World War II days when there were no more than 6,000 people living there. Most of the people are white Protestant—Baptist and Methodist—although there is a generous sprinkling of Indians and Mexicans and a few—very few—Negroes. The just concluded County primaries showed that Democrats outnumber Republicans by more than seven to one.

The federal reformatory is located about six miles due west of the town limits, several hundred yards off Highway 66. One is immediately impressed by the precise orderliness of the red-brick complex and the absence of the oppressive institutional atmosphere of most prisons.

Visitors check in by a two-way radio hook-up between the main gate and the administration buildings. The main gate is dominated by a huge glass guardhouse which has a flared, modern design and is situated atop the reformatory's main wall. The gate itself is a double-lock series of sliding grates that absolutely control entrance to and exit from the reformatory.

Upon announcing my name and purpose of my visit, the guard politely responded: "Oh, yes sir, Warden Pontessa is expecting you. Please park your car in the guest lot and come on in."

The grounds around the administration building were impeccably gardened with broad, neatly trimmed lawns and carefully tended shrubbery. The buildings were handsome, constructed of red brick and Arizona flagstone along pleasant, simple lines, featuring lavish picture windows. Off to the side of the entrance was an outdoor reception center for visitors and prisoners. The comfortable patio furniture indicated relaxed and open visiting conditions.

Warden Arnold E. Pontessa is a tall, tanned and ruggedly good looking man in his early 50's, with a strong handshake and a winning, outgoing manner. He has a quiet, soft spoken, natural courtesy. He was fully conversant with the purpose of my trip.

With the warden were two of his assistants, O. E. James and Martin Flamm. We immediately launched into a general give and take about Title II and the detention camps. I soon learned that these were three well informed and forthright men.

I said that I had noted a somewhat distinct distaste for Title II among several rather highly placed Bureau of Prison officials. "That's an accurate observation," replied Warden Pontessa, spinning around a half-turn in his chair in order to face me. "I don't know anyone who has ever liked it in the Bureau. Quite frankly, it (Title II) was a product of hysteria which we have long since outgrown. I've always felt that something like that, you know, picking people up for whatever reasons, is primarily a military thing. Something that should be done only under the gravest conditions of actual war or invasion—and nothing short of these conditions excuses such a policy. I never did like Title II and I like it even less now. It was dumped on us by a bunch of politicians back in 1950 who did not even have the courage, if that's the word, of their own hysterical convictions, if 'convictions' can be properly applied here.

"You'll see for yourself when you go out to the land originally set aside for the Title II detention camps that of the 29 buildings we had here for German and Italian POWs (Prisoners of War), there are only four left—and even they are in a state of complete disrepair. In fact, we are using them for salvage and local contractors come out here and cart away any amount of lumber from the buildings that they can use.

"The 92 acres initially set aside by Mr. Bennett in 1951-1952 have become grazing grounds for the experimental herds the reformatory cares for in connection with the big OSU (Oklahoma State University) and State agriculture programs that they run across the road from us.

"We fixed up the twenty-nine buildings from the POW days on a make-shift basis. Then weather and time began to tear into 'em and they soon fell into disrepair. Then we'd ask Washington for additional funds: 'You say you want us to keep the place ready.

Barracks at detention camp site, originally scheduled to hold several thousand inmates, El Reno, Oklahoma. A large reformatory several miles north can hold "about 1500 detainees."

Well, where's the money?' We can't take it from the local budget, that's for damn sure. We're professionals running a prison. You can tell we take our work seriously here and we're pretty proud of the results you see all about us. But this other thing (Title II)!" He waved a big hand in disgust, sighed and then resumed:

"At first we'd get a pittance in reply to our requests for more money. Then there was nothing. So frankly, we abandoned the original land and buildings set aside for the detention camps."

Don't Call Me That!

I said: "U.S. Attorney General Katzenbach recently characterized the McCarran Act as unworkable. The Supreme Court has virtually gutted the act itself with several key decisions and will most probably continue the dismantling process in several key cases that come up within the next year or so. What do you, as the warden of a potential detention center, think of that?"

"Please don't call me that," he smiled slightly. "As to the McCarran Act: it's a farce. It was spawned during the McCarthy period. It appears to me—and I don't practice constitutional law but nonetheless—clearly unconstitutional, especially Title II which suspends all due process. And it's my understanding that this

(suspending due process) requires a specific and separate act of Congress. It strikes me that Title II is unconstitutional."

He swung about nervously and continued: "I remember the uproar that occured throughout the Bureau when it was known that we were implementing parts of Title II by putting the camps up on a stand-by basis. 'Concentration camps!' they cried. Well, rest assured we would never let that happen here!"

I thereupon interrupted him: "Mr. Pontessa, let's just imagine—merely for the sake of conjecture—that the worst happened and Title II was invoked. . . ."

Before I could finish phrasing my question, he responded: "Well, in that event, I guess we could handle several hundred here in the main complex. I don't know what we'd do with our regular men (inmates). Frankly, I hate to think of that happening. Good God!"

I then tried to press my unformulated question to a resolution: "But if you were forced to run a detention camp here, are you so sure that a detention center couldn't very easily turn into a 'concentration camp' no matter how decently motivated you and your staff are—and you all are manifestly that—and no matter how carefully you'd run the camp? After all, there would, under those circumstances, be tremendous pressure on you: mass hysteria, local vigilante spirit, especially in the case of so-called 'Red spies' and 'Communists.' "

"I can see your point," he mused thoughtfully, swinging back and forth on his chair.

At this point, O. E. Jones, a soft-spoken man of medium height and stocky build, politely intruded: "I think under the circumstances we are conjecturing about, it's clear that we could not safely say how we'd make out. I myself think it would be a disaster."

His colleagues nodded in quiet agreement.

I then asked: "Is there a standard operating procedure, a master plan, in effect, that will be put into effect in the event of an emergency?"

Warden Pontessa roared: "If there is, it's news to us!" He was joined in laughter by his associates.

I persisted: "Just the same, Title II still obtains. And the Bureau of Prisons is still 'saddled,' as you put it, with the responsibility of carrying out the internment of those picked up under the Act."

He shook his head affirmatively: "God knows, you're right, unfortunately. And how I wish it weren't true. The detainees would be brought right out here by either bus and truck on (Highway)

66 or by the Rock Island Railroad which goes close by. And we would make do for them. And we would have of course to do what Washington ordered us to do in that event. But all the same . . . it's a terrible thing to think about."

I then asked: "Sir, as a professional penologist whose open approach to his subject is clearly shown in the institution you're directing here, would you welcome the repeal of Title II from the statute books?"

He in turn asked: "You mean by Congress?"

"Yes."

"Most assuredly," he nodded his head affirmatively. "I think we all would here in this room and generally throughout the Bureau."

Both Mr. Flamm and Mr. Jones indicated accord.

I asked him how large was the present prison population.

"We have 954 inmates at the moment," he said, "in cell blocks and dorms."

"If it had to be, this capacity could be substantially increased?"

"Yes, it could," he said. "But look, why don't you take a look around for yourself? Orville," he motioned to Mr. Jones, " will let you see the whole setup. Or what's left of it!" He laughed and the others chimed in.

The Detention Site

A five minute drive across Highway 66 and a mile or so to the north brought Orville E. Jones and me to the detention site originally set aside in 1952.

On the crest of a grassy knoll stood four one-story frame buildings sheathed in plaster board. Their faded gray siding, broken windows and pocked green roofs gave them a desolate appearance.

A reformatory truck loaded with plaster boards bounced past us as we drove up to the cluster of buildings. Each building was about 100 feet long. A side wall of one of them had been torn out. "The boys just ripped this stuff out," said Mr. Jones.

We climbed into one of the buildings through an empty window frame as there were no steps remaining on any of the structures. Along some of the walls scenes from Germany and Italy had been drawn by the POW's back in World War II days. One drawing reproduced a regimental insignia featuring the Iron Cross and the Nazi swastika. "That's ironically appropriate, isn't it?" I asked. "We'll have that torn out of here before the week's out," Mr. Jones replied.

"As you can see," Mr. Jones grinned as we jumped down out of the structure, "the only redemption for these buildings is the junk pile!"

We then drove about the grounds which stretched for many acres behind the former POW site. Large herds of Black Angus cattle were feeding quietly along the gently rolling slopes or resting under trees near a large watering hole. A big-shouldered Angus bull lifted his huge black head and bellowed belligerantly in our direction as we passed.

Reach Right Out and Grab 'em

An entire day spent in random interviews and discussions with farmers, ranchers, small businessmen, waitresses, school kids and clergymen indicated that the townspeople neither knew of nor were concerned about the use to which the El Reno Reformatory could be put, according to the provisions of Title II of the McCarran Act.

One of the more influential citizens in the area, however, was not ignorant of the matter. This was J. E. Dyer, a tall, white-haired, vigorous man in his 60's, editor of the *El Reno Daily Tribune*.

He ran what he called "an independent Democratic" newspaper and was on first-name terms with most of the state's nationally known figures like U.S. Senator Mike Monroney ("He was one of my reporters at the *Oklahoma News* in Oklahoma City") and Senator Robert S. Kerr ("I knew Bob most of my life").

Had his paper carried anything in 1952 about the use of El Reno as a detention center under Title II of the McCarran Act?

"Just an item off the AP, as I recall. Nothing special."

How familiar was he with the Act?

"I know the McCarran Act provides for picking up Communists in the event of war, I believe. During World War II I was on the El Reno draft board. We handled a lot of CO (Conscientious Objectors) cases out at the Reformatory. Also some of the Japanese, the Nisei, around here who were carted off to those relocation centers. Now there was a stupid damn thing! Why, those people were as loyal Americans as any of us. And their military record in the war spoke for itself. They were the most decorated unit in Europe. Italy, I recall."

It was his own opinion that the McCarran Act—"and I favored its passage at the time," he noted parenthetically—"was a result of

the hysteria of the McCarthy days." Then he quickly added: "But it's good to know that the FBI can reach right out and pick those boys up whenever we have to. Makes you feel more secure, knowing that."

Did he realize that merely a declaration of a so-called "internal security emergency" by either Congress or the President would activate the Reformatory as a detention center?

"Is that right?" he replied blandly. "Well, we can pick 'em up in buses or trucks and have them out here in no time. Have you seen our new highway system? Pretty good, huh?"

I tried to raise the legal and constitutional questions with him but with no success. "I'm glad to hear that the place (the original detention camp grounds) is being torn down. Better for grazing cattle anyway. The Reformatory is some showcase though, isn't it?"

While he fully supported the Johnson Administration's conduct of the Vietnam War, he condoned "critics like Mike (Monroney)" but cursed Senators Wayne Morse and J. W. Fulbright along with "all those college nuts and their damn demonstrations."

What should the United States do in Asia?

"We should go right in and end it with whatever weapons we have to use," he said with no display of emotion.

Even at the risk of a full-scale war with China?

"Oh, yes. We've got the weapons to knock off great chunks of their red hordes," he answered.

In that event, the detention camp at El Reno would most likely be put to use to hold American citizens suspected of being *probable* "spies" and "saboteurs."

"We could take care of 'em in a hurry," he laughed. "Don't you worry about that, young fellow!"

FLORENCE, ARIZONA

It took less than an hour and a half to cover the 80 miles from Phoenix to Florence over a glaring highway baking in the 100° of an early May sun. Phoenix itself is typical of all metropolitan sprawls with its commuters' bedroom suburbs—Tempe, Scottsdale and Mesa—poking more than 20 miles out into the desert. Like most of the American southwest, they resembled nothing so much as a continuously expanding car port.

Once the metropolitan traffic had been cleared, state and federal roads—some of them big, divided ones—went directly to Florence.

The Superstition Mountains to the north and east were rather close at hand, and the vegetation seemed more lush than many parts of the great deserts of the state. Nonetheless, it was a hot and parched wasteland that stretched out on both sides of the great ribbons of concrete that went through the desert.

The federal prison camp is but a mile or so from the city of Florence itself. One could easily speed right past the detention camp lying inconspicuously off to the west. A single macadam road leads to a perfunctory opening in a four-foot high fence surrounding the property which serves as a "gate." No guards, towers or gun emplacements are to be seen. An unwatched prisoner was watering the shrubbery and grass flanking a cottage with a sign identifying it as the superintendent's home. Following his friendly directions, I drove on for several hundred yards to the main section of the camp.

Several guards and prisoners stood about, pulling on Cokes, trying to relax in the remorseless heat. Mercifully, the Administration building was air conditioned. There I met Otis Arndt, superintendent of the federal prison camp at Florence, who was typical of the professionals who run these camps; tall and robust with an open and direct manner, he was genuinely cooperative. He was probably in his late forties. His dark shock of full, curly hair was flecked with gray and his eyes were friendly and frank. He spoke in soft, modulated tones so that sometimes one had to ask him to speak up.

"By all means," he said, "let's have a chat. Sounds like an interesting story that you are doing." He led the way into his office which was simple and Spartan-like. Only a telephone with several buttons suggested the center of a prison camp operation.

With little need of encouragement, he launched into a description of the camp and its program, evidencing as he went along, a good knowledge of Title II and its relevance to his own operation. Mr. Arndt had been at Florence as its superintendent for the past two years.

During the war the Florence site had been used as a prisoner-of-war camp. Of the 26 buildings in the POW camp which were set aside here for possible use under the emergency detention act, the warden said, only one is left and that has been appropriated for the hospital.

He continued without interruption: "With this single exception, all of the structures on the grounds were built after our federal

Gate at Florence, Arizona detention site.

Barracks and huge warehouses at Florence, Arizona, where facilities could be expanded to hold an estimated 3500 detainees in the event that Title II of McCarran Act is invoked.

prison camp was established here. You noticed perhaps that group of buildings lined up in rows behind us. Those are the dormitories and cell blocks, which we have expanded over the past several years.

"Our present population runs about 300 but we have a maximum capacity of 380 prisoners. Most of the men average a stay of 18 months. They usually are what we call 'short-termers' from other federal institutions who are being 'phased out,' so to speak, before their release. Or they are trusties of long and good standing serving out remaining time. Many of our prisoners here are aliens, so-called 'wet backs'—you know, Mexican nationals who have crossed the border illegally. They are waiting deportation back to their country.

"You will see on your own tour of the camp that we are pretty much a self-contained community here. We have radio and TV, recreation halls, an athletic set-up for basketball, baseball, and we even have our own golf team. There are cold-storage rooms, shower baths, air conditioning, of course, modern laundry facilities, heating plants and a hospital.

"Most of the prisoners work each day on the grounds. Our own vegetables are grown here by the inmates who also tend their own herd of swine. We have a cannery for vegetables and fruit. Virtually all the labor is provided by inmates—many of whom are highly

skilled. Yes, we are a very nearly self-sufficient community, as I said."

I remarked that the camp seemed quite open. "Oh, yes," he chuckled, "we are even less than a 'minimum security' prison. We are an open camp. There are no guards, gates or guns or check-out points or anything like that. To show you how 'open' we are, we have what we call a 'work exchange' program. Many of our inmates are hired to work by outside employers in the neighborhood. They work on farms, in auto shops, TV-radio repair shops, machine shops, trucking firms. Those in the program report each day at starting time, put in a full day's work (in civilian clothes, of course) and then come back to camp in time for dinner. We pick them up at central points. They are very much on their own. The program has been very successful. And we are proud of it."

Was there ever trouble with escapees or attempted break-outs?

"Escaping from the prison camp itself," he said, "poses a very difficult problem for anyone who considers it." He paused momentarily and then asked rhetorically: "Where's a man to go? To Florence, just a mile down the road? Hardly. There's the town and bloodhounds waiting. Out onto the desert? A few have tried it and have quickly discovered that it's impossible to make it without full desert survival equipment. The aliens of course would like to make it to the border but that would take some doing, believe me. Temperatures run at 110° to 115° on the desert floor during the day and dip down into the 30's at night. In winter, the wind here is so bad that no man could long survive."

A Working Christian

He then volunteered his own beliefs about the purposes of his prison: "You see," he said, "I believe strongly that a man imprisoned here should be preparing himself for his life afterwards in as constructive a way as possible. We are here to help him the best way possible. I am a Roman Catholic. My personal beliefs are not my point but I sincerely feel that we should apply our Christian faith and principles to our every-day work."

Not for a moment did I have the slighest doubt as to the sincerity of Otis Arndt's convictions. He spoke with feeling and insight. I then asked—in view, particularly, of his own professional standards and religious ethic—how he felt about the ever-present possibility of his camp suddenly becoming a detention camp for "subversives"

instead of a model federal prison farm with an enlightened work exchange program.

He pondered my question for some time. "I've always realized of course that such a thing is possible. That conceivably under certain conditions, it could happen. And happen quickly. I hope not. Not ever. Of course, we'd have to do what Washington ordered . . . But . . ." he shrugged his shoulders in a gesture of helplessness.

"But this would never be any 'concentration camp,' I can guarantee that," he said, an edge in his voice.

Had he his own views of Title II?

"Oh, yes," he said. "I remember only too well back in '52 when we were told about the so-called 'stand-by' program of the detention centers. Not much was said openly at first but you could tell that no one especially liked it.

"I'm no lawyer, but I've had a lot of experience with prisons and prisoners and accused men. The thing has always seemed to me unconstitutional. After all, as I recall, there's no due process. No habeas corpus. To appreciate these things, just work in a prison for a while.

"Anyway," he went on, "I consider the thing wrong, just morally wrong, that's all. Genuine spies and saboteurs are the legitimate concern of any government. But we've always had laws for this. And laws that have worked. But the internal security emergency act and the detention camps are something else again. It's downright unprofessional to think of having to run a detention camp."

Nevertheless, if an "emergency" were declared, was this camp ready for such a conversion?

"No, we are not ready at this moment," he said. "We certainly are not. First, we'd have to move our present population out. Probably down to the Arizona State Penitentiary for a while. By using our present facilities we could get 380 people in here comfortably. Then we'd have to expand the other buildings we have—and probably build new ones. . . ."

I then interrupted him and observed that the nation that is about to land men on the moon could surely expand this camp site's facilities to ten times in a matter of a few weeks. When the site served as a POW camp during World War II, it housed from 3,000 up to 9,000 prisoners, hadn't it?

Yes, that was the case, he admitted, "but those 26 buildings no longer exist. They'd have to build new ones. And in a crisis, they

could build them, I agree with you. That wouldn't be any big accomplishment."

Nor would Florence any longer be a minimum security set-up, I asserted. "Yes," he said, "that would be certain. There would be guards, armed, and gates with plenty of security."

"Take a look at the big warehouses we have back along the hill," he advised. "They could be easily converted into living quarters. Probably would hold up to 1500 people."

I asked: "Do you have a standing operating procedure waiting in your files in the event that Title II is put into action?"

He shook his head: "No, there is no plan that I know of. But we are reasonably aware of what we'd have to do." Then, expressing once more the moral repugnance he felt for the whole idea, he waved me off to a completely unobstructed tour of the camp. During my tour, I counted 19 buildings on the site, all in excellent condition and complete with air conditioning (with the exception of the warehouses).

Mr. DePugh's Boys'll Take Care of 'em!

Bus and trucks from Phoenix and Tucson could easily bring in detainees as could an airlift that would operate from the Florence Military Reservation along whose border the camp is located.

On my way to Phoenix I stopped in the town of Mesa, where I had an interesting encounter. There was a gaudy, garish red-white-and-blue festooned "Americanism Center" on the town's main street just 28 miles from the Florence prison camp. Inside this conservative redoubt was a little old lady in sneakers, who was saving

Political Meaning of Camp Sites

"As sites for concentration camps, the Nazis inevitably chose an inaccessible area, preferably forests and moors, not too far from the larger cities. This served a dual purpose. The camps were isolated . . . yet the rest of the population was kept in a state of terror . . . The first victims were chiefly Communists or people called Communists . . . incarcerated in army barracks, abandoned factories, remote depots . . ."

The Theory and Practice of Hell
by Eugene Kogon, Social Democrat deputy to Austrian Parliament, survivor of Buchenwald Concentration Camp, 1939-1945.

America from the Reds on a 24-hour-a-day basis. There was the faintly familiar glow of the fanatic in her eyes as she tried to press the latest outpourings of Gerald L. K. Smith, Rev. Billy Hargis and William F. Buckley's *National Review* crowd on her visitor.

She was a stalwart, no question about it. Barry Goldwater "has slipped quite a bit you know," she told me without regret, "because he can't measure up to real conservatism."

She went on to explain that "this is real American country," and although there had been some "beatniks from New York" who had stirred up the Arizona college campuses about the Vietnam war, "we're in pretty good shape here."

Amazingly, she was quite aware of Title II and the fact that the Florence federal prison camp could become a detention camp for "subversives."

She said with a reassuring smile: "Oh, yes, we know all about it. We knew about it when the McCarran Act was passed back in the 50's. I wouldn't want to be any Red who had to be in a detention camp around here, believe me. We have a lot of Mr. De Pugh's boys around here, let me tell you."

The reference was to Robert DePugh, head of the para-military organization called the Minute Men which is preparing for the day when "pro-American guerrilla warfare" will be waged against other Americans to save the country from alien subversion.

WICKENBURG, ARIZONA

A desert resort of dude ranches and hunting lodges about 55 miles northwest of Phoenix, Wickenburg can be reached by driving over the same excellent highway facilities that lead to Florence if one goes in precisely the opposite direction. The road follows the line of the Santa Fe Railroad which has a stop at Wickenburg and, incidentally, connects at Florence so that the two sites are intimately linked. Luke Air Force Base—a huge complex with extraordinarily long runways—is located midway between the town and Phoenix. Obviously, transportation of equipment, material—and inmates—represents no special problem for anyone administering a camp there.

The town itself is a tiny, almost antiseptically neat hub of the thriving resort area of central Arizona. Its claim of a population of 2400 seems a bit exaggerated upon examination, as the town consists of a grid of a half a dozen blocks holding largely service stores: drug stores, a grocer, a movie, a bank, at least ten gas stations

with matching motels and that ubiquitious institution of the Great Southwest—the "Trading Center" (souvenirs, notions and vanities all decked out in local Western garb and eminating from such frontier points of manufacture as Patterson, New Jersey and Chicago.)

Wickenburg—notwithstanding its seemingly remote irrelevance —was an important spot on the itinerary because, according to the U.S. Bureau of Prisons, the detention camp site there had not merely been "phased out" but declared surplus by the Justice Department; and, presumably, it had been sold outright by the U.S. General Services Administration. The clear implication was that Wickenburg as a site for potential use as a detention site does not exist. We would shortly find out.

The desert west of Wickenburg is even more ominous and forbidding than the country around the Florence site. Under the infernal glare of the noonday sun, the deadness and emptiness of this wasteland were oppressively menacing in their totality. One had almost a nightmarish sense of having left life itself behind, of being lost in some vast, empty crater on an uninhabited planet.

The federal prison site was 16 miles due west of Wickenburg. Several hundred yards off the highway stood the by-now grimly familiar cluster of single-story buildings, bleached white in the sun. A high, barbed-wire fence enclosed a ten-acre area. At the entrance, a broken guard shack stood empty and exposed to the elements.

A lettered sign high over the fence identified the site as the Wickenburg Municipal Airport. Large tumbleweeds blew across the hard, flat grounds fronting the big hangars.

One instantly realized upon inspection why this site had originally been selected for glider-pilot training during World War II. The entire desert floor is a natural bowl that seemingly has no sides. The great, flat plain, the heat and air currents provide ideal conditions for lighter-than-air flying.

Ranged behind the hangars was a group of nine oblong, one-story structures of durable, white brick sidings on powerful cement-block foundations. Topping the buildings were what appeared to be either new or recently refurbished tin roofs that glistened in the sun. For an abandoned prison site, this was most interesting!

I walked through each of the buildings. Their interiors were in excellent condition and the floors also gave evidence of recent repair and reconditioning. While many of the windows and doors were broken or in disrepair, the basic structures were in fine shape.

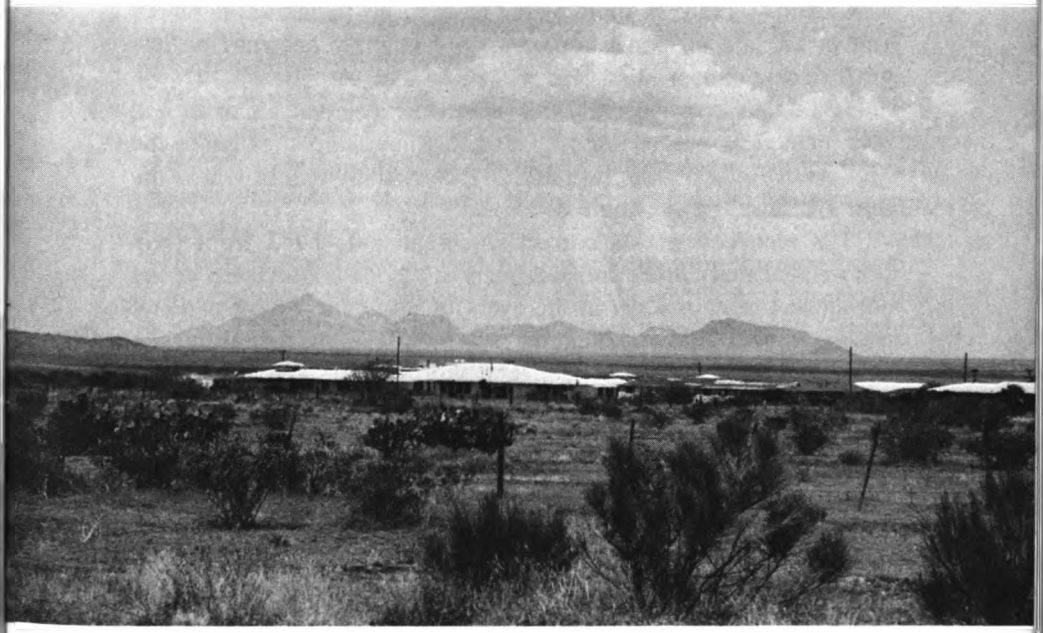
Air conditioning units—all in apparent working order, although the electricity was not on—were provided for each building.

The buildings had been built so that they faced out onto a quadrangle. The central structure which ran across the top of the quad had a bedraggled American flag hanging from its equally forlorn flag pole. The tattered Stars and Stripes dipped now and then in the indolent desert air. A huge picture window faced out on the grounds facing the hangars in what was apparently the one-time dining hall of the glider pilot school.

The runways leading to the hangars struck me as quite capable of handling big jet transports and, I subsequently learned, had indeed handled a big jet-prop airliner that had ferried in a bunch of journalists on a publicity junket sponsored by the dude ranchers of the area back in 1952.

I looked in vain for Calvin Brown, 38-year-old maintenance man who was in charge of the airport. His trailer's air conditioner was banging merrily away in the desert heat, and a recently parked, official air force sedan was still creaking from an overheated drive but there was no one about.

I then squeezed off about 70 shots with both the telephoto and wide angle lenses, and started to leave the place. A jackrabbit



Barracks and Administrative buildings at Wickenburg, Arizona detention camp site are in excellent condition and could be quickly converted for use.

suddenly hopped across my path and, startled by my presence, shot like a furry pellet out across the hard, baked runways.

I slammed my car onto the highway (where there is no speed limit) and raced at a speed of 90 to 100 miles per hour back to Wickenburg. The camp site depressed me. The grim realities of the place were undeniable. It could easily and quickly be put into shape to handle up to an initial complement of 1500 people, possibly twice that number if the hangars were converted to sleeping quarters. And there would be no thought of escape from this hole; the desert would make short shrift of anyone so foolish as to try to get out.

The God-damned Government!

Upon returning to Wickenburg, I talked at length with several key residents: the editor and owner of the newspaper, a former mayor, a town councilman and the deputy town manager. I was most concerned as to the precise status of the site: was it still owned by the U.S. Government and, therefore, presumably a potential detention camp; or had the site, in fact, been sold as surplus?

The Wickenburg Sun is the kind of neighborhood tabloid where requests for back copies of *Life* and the shooting of a rabid coyote by a cowpoke make headline news. Its owner and editor—John McCarroll—is tall, as spare as the news in his paper, white-haired and in his late 60's. An apparent gruff exterior becomes no less gruff during conversation. He was flinty and suspicious.

He vaguely recalled the 1952 announcement that his town had been named as one of the original detention camp sites under the McCarran Act. "Yeah," he said. "We carried an item or two at the time I believe. Strikes me that we did."

(His recollection was correct. A January 4, 1952 front page story stated that "Spies and saboteurs are to be hoosegowed at the old airport west of town in the event of war or a similar national emergency." A follow-up item the next month, on the first, ironically noted that only income-tax dodgers, short-termers and automobile thiefs—"genteel prisoners"—were to be locked up at the airport. The mayor of Wickenburg at the time, Albert Kirby, was quoted as having said that while the U.S. Government had "not yet approached us," nevertheless, "the city would be expected to help out.")

McCarroll then snapped: "The god-damned government! It's been in and out of here over the past twenty years. Christ, it doesn't know what in hell it's doing! Those bureaucrats down in Washington

give me a swift pain! During the war it was a flight training center for glider pilots. Then in 1952 the Bureau of Prisons took over and we had a bunch of convicts out there. You know, tax evaders, embezzlers. High income bracket types. We called 'em 'genteel.'

"Then in '52 we found out that the damn government was preparing to set the place up to hold Communists. Let me tell you, nobody was looking forward to having a bunch of Reds out there! That'd been all we needed! You know this place depends on the dude ranch trade. A thing like that (detention center) would give us a bad black eye," he said, shaking his head in disbelief. "Would be very bad for business."

I then started to ask: "I understand that there are 90 acres of land out there comprising both the airport and the building which served as a federal prison site . . ."

"That's correct," he interrupted, impatiently.

I continued: "Who owns it? Does the town of Wickenburg own all or part of it? What is the legal status of ownership?"

He laughed sardonically: "That's a damn good question! I think that the town does own it. I said 'think.' I really don't know. There's plans to have a pre-fab plant put up there but nobody knows for sure just what the story is. I suggest that you ask the city manager, Steifel, down at city hall. If you get a straight answer, let me know will you? I suspect there's a lot of flim-flam going on there. Damn government!"

The city manager was absent from his post that day with an illness, and no one in the small, white-washed adobe hut that housed the town's library, fire department and city manager's office could discuss the details of the ownership of the federal prison camp property.

A return visit to speak with the town's engineer produced some tangible results. He admitted freely that the question of ownership was not only "hazy" as he put it, but also a source of much anxiety for the community because of a possible move by a manufacturer to put up a pre-fab plant on the spot. "This would mean industry in the area," he said.

He put me in touch with Sabin Brown, a former mayor of the town and now a member of the town council.

Right of Re-entry

Sabin Brown stands well over 6'4" and is tanned and rangy. A man in his late 40's, he owns the prosperous Double B Photo Shop

which obviously develops a lot of color slides for the tourists.

He was busily working at his bench in the back of the store. One could not help but notice his huge wrists and hands as he expertly put together some small, frail frames. Open and articulate, he also was suspicious.

"Well, I don't know who in hell you are asking all these damn questions," he said amiably. "You might be from the government for all I know, snooping around here."

"Look," I told him, "I have heard quite a bit about the pre-fab plant your town wants to set up out there. I wish you only success in your venture. I just want to know who owns the land. Its answer has a lot to do with whether or not this camp can still be used for a detention site."

He pushed his high stool back from his work bench, lit a cigarette and said: "I'll get right to the point. The town of Wickenburg—and I know all of this because I'm the one who helped negotiate it—has a 'restricted title' to 10 acres. That's the area where all the buildings are, including the hangars. This 'restricted title' provides that the United States government can at any time re-enter and lay full claim to the land and all property on the land. It can come right back in at any time and say: 'Out!' and that is precisely what happened in 1952 when the government told us to get out to make way for the Bureau of Prisons. We got out.

"Our plans call for this fellow from Chicago to use the buildings that you saw as a plant to produce pre-fab motel, dude-ranch and camp-site structures. You know, he'd manufacture the stuff right here where it's all used. We figure it would help diversify our economy here and help build up the community. He'd have to do a lot of year-round hiring and we'd benefit by it all," he said.

If the Congress or the President caused Title II to be invoked, then that would mean an end to Wickenburg's self-improvement program?

"Yup," he said, "The government can move back in any time it chooses."

How did he, as a town official, feel about that?

"Well, we're getting sick and tired of it," he replied. "They pulled it on us before, and we all suspect they'd pull it on us again. That's why you found so many of us suspicious of your questions. God-damned government!"

Did he have any feeling about a detention camp being set up outside of Wickenburg?

"Nobody would like to have a bunch of Red spies up there," he answered, "but if we had to have 'em here, we would cooperate fully with our government."

What if an internal security emergency were declared tomorrow?

"Oh, the camp would be all set to go. Did you notice those new roofs we put up? Place is absolutely solid. Be a matter of hours before there would be a full scale prison camp up there. Matter of hours," he said with confidence.

TULE LAKE, CALIFORNIA

It was imperative to go to Tule Lake, California. Not only because this was one of the originally specified detention camps and, therefore, had to be reported on, but—because of its designation as a "closed site" by the Department of Justice—Tule Lake's real status had to be carefully determined in view of the ambiguous condition of the Wickenburg site in Arizona.

Perhaps even more compelling than any of these perfectly valid reasons for making the journey was the supreme meaning of Tule Lake in recent American history: during World War II, twenty thousand American citizens—whose only sin was having been born of Japanese ancestry—had been forcibly seized, deported to and incarcerated in Tule Lake by the United States government.

Thus, the so-called "relocation center" at Tule Lake is the living embodiment of what the McCarran Act's Title II provides for on an even more extended and comprehensive scale.

Getting to Tule Lake was not an easy matter. From out of San Francisco it was a long and winding 10-hour trip by car (and therefore bus and truck). No passenger trains went near the place. There were no scheduled airline flights within a hundred miles.

On the advice of a friend who does a lot of skiing in northern California and Oregon, I boarded a DC-3 in San Francisco, flew to Medford, Oregon, and thence went to Tule Lake by car. The trip still took six hours. Barring specially controlled train service by the government, it seemed to me that transportation of detainees to this camp would—in contrast to the other sites—constitute a problem.

Wild, remote, inaccessible—such words are feeble indeed when trying to convey a picture of the great Cascade Mountains which range from the interior plateau of British Columbia along the West

Coast of Canada down some 750 miles to the northern California border.

The glittering, sun-swept river valleys and green, rolling fields of the San Francisco Bay country were soon left behind as the DC-3 began a slow, stubborn ascent into the beginnings of the southernmost extremities of this vast pre-historic mountain complex that stabs into the Northwest.

As we made our ascent to Medford, dense forests of fir and cedar reached out as far as the eye could see, and—here and there—incredibly green, sunlit alpine meadows slipped beneath us.

The sky was high and bright and, although the late afternoon was hot, there was a tang in the air as we deplaned. Off to all points were the rugged slopes of the Cascades. The cerulian vault was quiet, thin, empty—enhancing the solemn mood of the brooding valley heights.

In the midst of this spectacular country was the final detention site.

Oh, the Jap Camp!

I quickly learned that the former relocation center was not located at Tule Lake but nine miles farther south at Newell. I had driven to the offices of the Tule Lake Wildlife Refuge, a vast haven of waterland and forest operated by the United States Department of Interior.

While a tall, slow-speaking farmer slowly unfolded his complaint about some ducks which had been systematically pilfering his rye, I waited to ask a middle-aged clerk directions to the former relocation center.

"Oh, you mean the Jap camp!" she said almost shrilly. "Oh, that's down in Newell. Down the road about fifteen minutes or so."

Was she a native of these parts?

"Oh, my, yes. Born and raised."

She remembered the Japanese internment during World War II?

"I guess I do. We all do," she said, her voice dropping somewhat and softening. "You know those people were American as you and me. And you talk about hard workers! Why they were the best workers you ever did see. The government took their land away from them. A lot of them were very well-to-do farmers from down state and up in Oregon. They just picked 'em up and put 'em down here in that camp."

Did she know that the same site had been designated as a detention

camp under the McCarran Act for "potential spies and saboteurs"?

I briefly sketched the history of Title II.

She said: "Well, back in the early 1950's there were all kinds of rumors that they were gonna put Communists in the Jap Camp. But they would be doing the same thing as they did in the war. Only this time they'd put you in there if you were Russian! Same thing!"

Did the people of Tule Lake talk much about the camp? "Oh, no," she said. "Why should they? You'll see that they've taken down the big fence and towers that once were there when the Japs were there. There's still some of the shacks they lived in but Indians and Mexicans live in 'em now."

The remains of the Japanese relocation center—low-lying wooden barracks—dotted the sides of the broad, three-laned highway (Route 139) well before it swept through the tiny village of Newell, which is nothing more than a handful of one-story frame houses clustered around a granary. Every so often an old truck loaded with potatoes would putter past an all-purpose country store and gas station.

An impromptu luncheon discussion with more than a dozen people established some interesting facts. For one thing, I learned that several blocks of the old barracks which had been refurbished for the McCarran camp were leased out for various purposes.

One local enterpriser had turned some barracks into the "Grey Goose Lodge" where hunters stay during the duck season which apparently is a big thing in the game-rich Tule Lake area.

A large block of barracks had been leased out to the Tule Lake Growers' Association for housing the itinerant Mexican and American (white and Negro) field hands who bring in the stoop crops—potatoes and onions—from which the area's economy derives life.

"Who owns the barracks?"

"The Association," came the ready reply. (It was obvious that the Tule Lake Growers' Association was the arm of the big ranchers and farmers in the area.)

I pressed further. "How do those living in the barracks pay their rent?"

"Hey, Luis," one of my newfound acquaintances called out to a young Mexican who had been sitting quietly sipping a soft drink in the back of the store. "How do you pay your rent?"

The Mexican did not answer but hurriedly finished his drink and left, saying, "I got to go now."

Luis, I discovered, was living in one of the reconverted barracks located a half mile east off the main highway. After taking several shots of the representative barracks standing in Newell I tried to talk to him about the itinerant labor colony that had taken up residence in the one-time detention barracks.

Luis was quite reluctant. I did not want to push too hard because my line of questioning obviously impinged too directly on his livelihood. But I did learn that Luis did not own his home (which he shared with another Mexican family); and that he did not pay rent by check but rather by cash each pay-day to an agent from the Tule Lake Growers' Association.

I had counted 29 barracks in Newell itself, I said. Did the Association own them all?

Luis did not know for sure except that he realized fully the power of the Association.

Anything Can Happen

I then made my way back and forth through the village, taking pictures as I explored the place. Here and there ghostly remnants of the past were found: a broken-down guard shack ('All Nisei

Barracks at Newell (Tule Lake) California, which held 20,000 Japanese-Americans during World War II. Now used by itinerant farm workers, but the Federal Government has right of re-enty on 24 hours notice. They could hold an estimated 8 to 10,000 "subversives."

Must Be Checked' read a decayed sign on the floor), the twisted frame of a tower fallen into a rusted heap in the high grass, the eerie outlines of, literally, hundreds of barrack foundations marching like shades in precise columns off into the distance (the streets of the camp had been laid out in an organized fashion).

By this time, I had made my way toward the broad, grassy grounds of Newell's handsome grammar school. A couple of classes of children were having a late morning recess playing dodge-ball and running light-heartedly over the spacious green.

A gnarled, slope-shouldered man was turning a corner of the grounds as he expertly guided a large power-driven lawn mower over the grass. We both waved. He braked his machine, switched it off, got down and walked over to me. He was less than medium height, wiry, wearing a faded pair of old army-issue sun tans; a friendly smile creased a face which was much younger than it appeared.

He had been born and raised in Newell. A World War II veteran ("I was out in the Pacific. Navy"), he remembered the Japanese relocation center in vivid detail.

"Them were bad days, buddy, bad days," he said, wiping the sweat off his face with his forearm.

"Can you picture twenty thousand people living here?" he asked incredulously. "Seems hard to believe, but that's how many they packed in here. It was a regular city. The Japs had everything organized too. Fire department, police, ambulance, hospital, schools, churches, stores. They had everything. And they were hard workers! How they could work!" He recalled the inventive, ingenious Nisei with evident respect.

Had it been rough on the Japanese? Was it like a concentration camp?

"You mean like the Nazis had?" he asked, and then proceeded to answer his own question: "No, there was never any real rough stuff. Most of the time it was easy come, easy go. There were guards here of course but nothing rough. No shootings or big escapes or anything like that. Except, you know the government did take them off their land, you know. Took it all away from them without giving them a cent for it!"

He spat on the ground in disgust. "Now I ain't saying anything on their (the Japanese) account but that kind of thing is wrong, mister. Dead wrong," he said.

"I understand that after the war, the government was took to

court and beat on the thing too. That it was against the constitution. Well, it was a little late then, wasn't it?"

He related that many of the Japanese who had been interned in Newell later stayed in this part of California and Oregon. "They started ranches and farms and many did real well," he said, again with a note of pleasure in the telling. "But they were bitter," he said. "It kind of left all of us bitter."

I told him about the McCarran Act, Title II and the possibility that Newell could become a detention camp under certain circumstances. How did he feel about that?

"Humph," he heaved his soulders. "I don't think that having a place like that here with these kids would be such a good idea," he said, nodding his head toward the schoolgrounds.

"That's something I'd find hard to believe," he added. "But then we had the Jap Camp here and after that I guess anything can happen."

While he did not know anything about the ownership of the camp property, he did give me the names of "two newspaper fellows" in nearby Klamath Falls, Oregon.

Again: Right of Re-Entry

Klamath Falls is a resort town set among the breath-taking beauty of the snow-capped Klamath Mountains and near enough to wondrous Crater Lake to serve as headquarters for skiers, hikers, fishermen, hunters and tourists nearly the year 'round. There I met and talked at length with several journalists who were quite knowledgeable about the Newell camp.

Joseph F. Caraher is the editor of the *Herald and News,* Klamath Falls' only (and very Republican) daily paper. Standing well over six feet, vigorous and out-going, he looks as though he can still hit the long ball which he did for the University of Washington varsity back in the late 1930's.

He listened intently as I told him about my purpose for being in the area. "That's quite a good yarn," he said afterwards. "Damn good story. Of course I don't agree that the McCarran Act is all that bad. But it's still a good story.

"Let me tell you something," he said with an indulgent smile. "I was all out for good old Joe McCarthy back in the early 50's when he was raising so much hell. I liked Joe and I supported him four-square. The McCarran Act came out of those days and—for

those days—" he pointedly repeated his words—"for those days, it was o.k. But today is different."

He then turned and asked, "Say what about a title for this thing you're working on? Got one?" "Yes, I had a title but I think it's been used." "Yeah," he said with interest, "What is it?" " 'Waiting for Lefty'," I answered. He threw back his head and laughed.

He was fully conversant with the generally ill-fated trip of the McCarran Act through the courts. "As far as that Title II is concerned," he laughed, his big hands held out in a gesture of contempt, "it is obviously unconstitutional."

"You know," he said, learning forward from his swivel chair, "the government tried to pull the wool over this community's eyes about the detention camp set-up. I recall that's how it was but we flushed them out. Can't trust those bastards down in Washington, believe me."

He showed me the paper's morgue and urged me to "help yourself, anything you want, let us know."

I soon found out that his memory was not inaccurate. On January 10, 1952 the *Herald and News* had reported: "Department of Justice Takes Over At Jap Camp." The paper's reporter noted that 12 families now living in various of the 40 buildings had been ordered to move out within the next month.

"Several weeks ago, representatives of the Federal Bureau of Prisons visited the camp site and inspected the camp but had nothing to say when questioned as to their mission. . . . Several months ago there was a fantastic rumor hereabouts that the Newell camp might be used as a detention center for Communist Party members. The rumor was strongly spiked in Washington," the newspaper stated.

That day's reportage forced an admission out of the Justice Department. The next issue of the *Herald and News*—Jan. 11, 1952—carried a banner headline:

"Tule Camp Eyed for Subversives!" The newspaper noted that the Bureau of Prisons, when queried by the paper, announced that the Newell location was being rehabilitated for the "detention of subversives if the need arises."

The paper went on: "A rumor circulated here several months ago that the Jap Camp might be used as a Communist detention center was regarded as something of a joke.

— Detention Camps, USA —
1966-1967

Immediate Stand-by

Name and Location	Present Population (Offenders Not Under Title II)	Capacity (Est.)
Allenwood, Pa.	260	3-to 8,000
El Reno, Oklahoma	954	1500
Florence, Arizona	380	3500

Sites Maintained
(Right of Re-entry)

Wickenburg, Arizona	0	3500
Tule Lake (Newell), Cal.	0	8-to 10,000

Other Sites Available

Mill Point, West Virginia
Greenville, South Carolina
Montgomery, Alabama
Tucson, Arizona
Safford, Arizona
McNeil Island, Washington
Elmendorf, Alaska

Total Known Estimated Capacity: 26,500

Note: The federal detention camp site at Avon Park, Florida was closed on October 16, 1953. Today it is used as a prison farm by the state of Florida. Exact ownership of the land is unknown.

"But today's (AP) dispatch from Washington supported the rumor and has effectively robbed it of its mirth."

When I told Caraher about these items, the editor of the *Herald and News* remarked: "Yeah, that's no joke. We wouldn't want a thing like that around here. Would be very bad for business and just very bad, period."

A few telephone calls to key bankers, real estate operators and town officials ascertained that most of the property at Newell is still leased by the Tule Lake Growers' Association. The title to

the detention camp property—like that of the Wickenburg, Arizona site—has a restricted basis providing (again) for the right of re-entry by the actual owners—the United States government—at any time *with no notice required.*

"Yeah, how do you like that?" said Joe Caraher upon learning this. "They could move in there and start up again any time they wanted to. Jesus H. Christ, that's all we'd need!"

I then needled him: "Ah, come on now. If the FBI picked up a bunch of 'peaceniks' from Berkeley and moved them into the camp, you'd get out a flaming red, white and blue editorial about everybody's patriotic duty to support the detention camp, wouldn't you?"

He sat, staring out into the city room, bathed in the soft light of the afternoon. "Yeah," he agreed, "I guess I would at that."

The FBI and 'Operation Dragnet'

Who would be picked up in the event Title II were ever invoked? How many people would be put into the detention camps which have been ready and waiting since 1952? What agency is entrusted with the pick-ups?

While the precise answers to these and related questions have never been officially issued, there is enough evidence to advance a reasonable formulation.

Even before the enactment of the McCarran Act and its detention camp provisions, it was evident that the primary responsibility for determining who would be put into a detention camp would rest solely with the Federal Bureau of Investigation and its director, J. Edgar Hoover.

Throughout the 1950 Senate debate (colloquy is a more descriptive word) on Title II, both Hoover and the FBI were unquestioningly referred to as *the* supreme arbiters as to who and how many would be picked up.

On the day that President Truman vetoed the McCarran Act—only to be overridden by Congress—the Associated Press in Washington, D.C. reported that in the event of a declaration of an internal security emergency "the FBI will be enabled (by the McCarran Act) to make arrests without warrant for any federal offense committed in their presence" and stated that "the FBI is ready to seize 12,000 'dangerous' communists" at a moment's notice.

Senator Pat McCarran said after he added the detention measure to his omnibus bill: "In our own national community, according to FBI Director, J. Edgar Hoover, there are 12,000 hard core, dangerous Communists who could imediately be picked up. There are 55,000 members of the Communist Party. In sympathy with them are 500,000 additional Americans who are either willing tools or party-line followers ready to succumb to its peculiar blandishments." J. Edgar Hoover himself told the Congress on the eve of the Act's passage that "there is a potential fifth column of 550,000 people dedicated to this philosophy."

Since then the Communist Party membership has dropped to the 1966 figure of 12,000. Using the familiar, simple-minded arithmetic of J. Edgar Hoover—that, in his words, "for every Communist there are 10 others in the Red fifth column"—this suggests that today's pick-up list would commence with about 25% of the total membership—or the hard core of 3,000 people; after that it would possibly expand to include the entire 12,000 and conceivably even an additional 120,000 American "spies" and "saboteurs." Most of these latter names would be derived from the U.S. Attorney General's listing of "subversive organizations" as was freely conceded during the course of the Congressional discussion setting up the detention camps.

These speculations, however, may be more accurately brought into focus by considering the estimated capacities of the detention camps which are today waiting and ready. "No one knows who would be detained or how many," *The New York Times* reported on December 27, 1955 in the only story it has ever carried on the camps. "If there is a 'pick-up list' it is super-secret. The FBI which probably would direct the 'picking-up' is notably reticent about such matters."

Nonetheless, *The Times* noted: "The United States could intern 5,000 spies and saboteurs almost immediately in event of war, an invasion or an insurrection. *Thousands more could be put in detention camps as fast as they were rounded up.*"

My own estimates, based upon actual figures and potential capacities given to me by U.S. Bureau of Prisons officials, indicate that the detention camps today could take from 8,500 to 11,500 citizens if necessary at the four sites which now are fully prepared to handle the problem. By adding other sites available to the Bureau of Prisons, *The Times'* assertion that "thousands more

could be put in detention camps as fast as they were rounded up" is no exaggeration.

My own attempts to seek interviews with relevant officials of the Justice Department were unavailing. (The FBI not only refused comment but predictably sent agents to telephone and visit my neighbors in a characteristic display of intimidation.)

J. Walter Yeagley, an Assistant Attorney General at the Justice Department and the bureaucrat heading its Internal Security Division, is the person whose primary responsibility is the administration of the McCarran Act. His office develops the cases put before the so-called Subversive Activities Control Board (SACB) and of course is concerned with the detention camps.

When I requested an interview with him, Yeagley replied in a letter dated May 26, 1966: "It strikes me that any official view I might have on the subject of your inquiry (Title II and the detention camps) should be for my superiors only and not a subject for public discussion."(!)

The attitudes of the FBI and the Justice Department stand in significant contrast to the straightforward honesty and deep disquiet of the Bureau of Prisons. And it is perfectly clear why: the FBI and the Justice Department's Internal Security Division have a powerful vested interest in Title II. Their purpose in hiding the facts about the detention camps—which, according to bureaucrat Yeagley are "not a subject for public discussion"—is obviously a deliberate, calculated effort to maintain a high level of intimidation by keeping the public ignorant of the camps. This stratagem of course has its exact parallel in the use of the concentration camps in Nazi Germany:

"The deterrent effect of the concentration camps upon the public was carefully planned from the very beginning when the Nazis first came into power in Germany and set up their concentration camp system," noted the American prosecution at the Nuremberg War Crimes trials in 1946. "To heighten the atmosphere of terror surrounding the concentration camps, they were shrouded in secrecy. What went on behind the barbed-wire enclosures was a matter of fearful conjecture . . ."

While the United States is most certainly not equivalent to Nazi Germany of 1933, nonetheless, under certain circumstances, the detention camps would serve the same political purpose. On this point there has been evidence brought to light from within the

(Continued on page 58)

A Typical Order for 'Protective Custody'
Berlin, 28 February 1933

Order of Protective Custody. Based on Article I of the Decree of the Reich President for the Protection of the People and State, you are hereby taken into protective custody in the interest of public safety and order.

Reason: Suspicion of activities inimical toward the Reich . . . and being expected in the future to disobey official administrative regulations and act as an enemy of the Reich.

Nazi Conspiracy and Aggression

An Internal Security Emergency Detention Order
(As Provided Under the McCarran Act)

The President of the United States has declared that an 'Internal Security Emergency' exists. The Federal Bureau of Investigation is hereby authorized by the Attorney General of the United States "to apprehend and detain the person named, designated and described below . . . as to whom there is reasonable ground to believe that he/she probably will engage in, or probably will conspire with others to engage in, acts of espionage or of sabotage."

The detention will be in the place designated below by the office of the Internal Security Division of the Department of Justice and as is authorized by the Attorney General of the United States.

The detention of the below-designated person will last until the end of the Internal Security Emergency is proclaimed by the President of the United States or by a Concurrent Resolution of both Houses of the United States Congress, or until a release may be affected by either the Attorney General of the United States or by the Board of Detention Review.

The Department of Justice "at no time is required to release any information the revelation of which would disclose the identity or evidence of Government agents or officers which he believes it would be dangerous to the national safety and security to divulge."

"To knowingly disregard or evade apprehension of this detention warrant is a federal crime punishable by a fine of $10,000 and imprisonment of 10 years, or both."

A copy of this Federal Detention Order shall be supplied to the person designated for apprehension and detention.

Signed
Attorney General of the United States

The writer has ascertained that the Internal Security Emergency Detention Order on the opposite page approximates the language of the formal "Detention Warrant" which has been prepared for use by the Internal Security Division of the Justice Department in the event of a declaration of "a state of national internal security emergency." Through Washington sources, the writer has also learned that one million of these "Detention Warrants" have been printed and are at hand for immediate issuance to and use by the FBI and other federal, state and local police agencies once "Operation Dragnet" is set in motion.

The writer has further established that in 1952 a "Master Pick-Up List" of approximately 500,000 American citizens was drawn up to serve as the basis for carrying out the FBI-directed "Operation Dragnet" in which, initially, from 3 to 12 thousand Americans would be picked up "overnight" for incarceration in federal detention camps as "potential spies and saboteurs." The "Master Pick-Up List" undergoes regular refinements; names are added and withdrawn; addresses are kept up-to-date for quick and accurate seizure; central holding stations—usually police precincts of large cities—are designated for rapid and direct shipment of each prospective detainee to the nearest detention camp; and descriptions of the prospective "spy" or "saboteur" are altered to fit their current political activities and their degree of "subversion" so as to accord with the letter of the law under Title II. The "Master Pick-Up List" is an integral part of the Federal Bureau of Investigation's National Crime Information Center in Washington, D.C., a vast computer-run data operation.

The names comprising the "Master Pick-Up List" are compiled assiduously by a special staff within the Internal Security Division of the Justice Department. The names are combed from the elaborate gatherings of the House Un-American Activities Committee, the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee (known as the "Eastland Committee" from its chairman, James O. Eastland, Mississippi Democrat), the FBI, CIA, the U.S. Post Office and a host of state and local "Little Un-American Committees" which, in some instances, have been gathering names of "un-Americans" for more than thirty years. The sources for these names are usually professional witnesses or paid informers. The latest additions to the "Master Pick-Up List" have come chiefly from the civil rights and peace movements.

FBI itself in recent years. In the fall of 1962, radio station WBAI in New York scored an impressive journalistic coup when it interviewed a former agent of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, Jack Levine, who charged that the FBI was guilty of systematically violating the basic civil rights and civil liberties of American citizens on the pretext that they were "Communists" or "subversives."

During the interview, the following exchange took place:

JACK LEVINE: Well, for one thing, the FBI considers its mandate to do investigations into subversive organizations as a mandate to collect generally all intelligence information which will enable them to keep track of all 'subversive' groups and individuals that are operating in the United States.

INTERVIEWER: Is there a master plan behind this, some plan that, in the event of some kind of hostility, some action might be taken?

LEVINE: Oh, yes, the FBI has got a very carefully laid out and detailed plan of action. . . . This plan has been set up under the authority of the Emergency Detention Act (Title II of the McCarran Act). . . the FBI has kept close tabs on those individuals they consider . . . a potential saboteur and in the event there is a deterioration, let's say, in our relations with the Soviet Union to a point where hostilities may be imminent, in that case, the FBI will round up all the known communists and people that they (the FBI) would suspect of being sympathetic to the Soviet Union and who might possibly act as saboteurs and will have them interned during the period of the crisis.

INTERVIEWER: Do you have any idea how many individuals that might involve?

LEVINE: I never heard any specific figure.

INTERVIEWER: Is this plan public knowledge or how did you learn of the plan?

LEVINE: Oh, this was freely discussed in our lectures on sabotage.

INTERVIEWER: Did it have a name?

LEVINE: Well, the FBI has labeled it Operation Dragnet . . . the FBI estimates that within a matter of hours every potential saboteur in the United States will be safely interned. They'll be able to do this by the close surveillance they maintain on these people and they (the FBI) envisage that with the cooperation of the local police throughout the country, they'll be able to apprehend these persons in no time at all.

What are the possibilities of 'Operation Dragnet' taking place? One is forced by any dispassionate consideration of developments ever since the institutionalization of the Cold War and McCarthyism to conclude that the chances of filling the detention camps have been and are eminently good.

In the first instance, the evidence is clearly persuasive that from the time of the McCarran Act's passage up through the truce which temporarily terminated the Korean War in 1953, the government of the United States was seriously advancing plans to put at least 12,000 "Communists" in detention camps. We came that close once.

Since that time, there can be no faulting many ranking members of the U.S. Congress for not trying to put Americans away in the camps. On no less than 24 separate occasions, members of both the House of Representatives and the Senate have tried to force in one way or another (by joint resolutions, bills, petitions and the like) the White House to declare "a state of internal security emergency" which would put Title II of the McCarran Act into action as quickly as one would switch on a TV set.

It is to belabor the obvious to point out that the present Vietnam conflict could easily lead to a formal declaration of war, which, very likely, would immediately result in the invoking of Title II by *President Lyndon B. Johnson solely on his own authority as provided under the law.* In that case, it is obvious, the leadership of the growing peace movement which dissents so militantly from the Johnson policy in Vienam—those "nervous Nellies," in the words of the President, who panic "under the strain" and turn "on their leaders and on their country and on their own fighting men"—would be among the first "Communists" and "potential spies and saboteurs" picked up in 'Operation Dragnet.'

The ghetto uprisings in Watts, Cleveland, Philadelphia, New York and Chicago suggest another area in which Title II could be invoked. The rapidly mounting and increasingly organized resistance of the Negro people and those bearing arms in self-defense against the force and violence of the bigot mobs, the police and national guard—could well provide the pretext for the White House to declare that such resistance was in actuality an "insurrection from within;" and of course that, in turn, under the McCarran Act, would fill the detention centers with the militants of the civil rights movement.

Nor is this idle conjecture. On a small scale, it already has happened. In the summer of 1965, several thousand inter-racial civil rights demonstrators — mostly youngsters — were seized by Alabama state police and forcibly put behind hastily erected barbed-wire 'pens' for more than 72 hours on the state fair grounds at Birmingham in what was nothing less than a make-do concentration camp of historically classic proportions. Already a familiar voice is being heard with increasing frequency in the land—in the Congress, in the Internal Security Division of the Justice Department, in the FBI and in the countless local witch-hunting agencies —alleging "evidence" that the ghetto upheavals are the work of "outside" (Communist of course) forces bent upon "overthrowing" the United States government.

At this point there certainly is no room for easy and false optimism about the present opposition to Title II in the United States today. While there have been general *expressions* of opposition to the McCarran Act by noteworthy organizations and individuals, there has been no specific move to repeal Title II and dispose of the detention camps. The reason for this lamentable state is quite easily understood: the people clearly do not know about the existence of these camps. It is as simple—and complex—as that.

The supreme undertaking, therefore, is to let the people know. This step must be taken before all others. Something more easily said than done, of course, but a responsibility which must be fully discharged. Those who know the terrible history of so-called detention camps—what they stand for and where they lead to—can not permit this obligation to slide; otherwise there will be nothing to save us from the fate which the venerable Emanuel Celler, U.S. Congressman from Brooklyn, New York, foresaw when—on the day that the McCarran Act and its detention camps became law—he warned:

> The United States Constitution is knocked into a cocked hat. The Bill of Rights is mocked! Citizens will be ridden out on a rail. Bills of Attainder will be filed against them. They will be deemed guilty by legislative fiat.
> We shall suffer and repent.
> A day of reckoning will come!
> The finger of shame will point to this House!

FACT SHEET — McCARRAN INTERNAL SECURITY ACT 1950
(prepared by Citizens Committee for Constitutional Liberties)

HISTORY

1948—Originated as Mundt-Nixon Bill; sponsored by Senators McCarran, Mundt, Eastland, McCarthy & Reps Nixon, Velde, Walters. **1950**—Passed as the Internal Security Act, during the Korean War hysteria, over the veto of President Truman. **1954**—Amended by the "Communist Control Act" to include unions and individuals.

LEGISLATIVE FINDINGS

The McCarran Act is based on "legislative findings" derived from the "testimony" of paid informers before the Senate and House Unamerican Activities Committees, asserting that the United States is in danger of attack from an international 'Communist conspiracy', working through ". . . . force, violence, sabotage, deceit . . ." (never proven in Court).

REGISTRATION

The Attorney General petitions the Subversive Activities Control Board (created by Act) to order an organization (or member) to register under designated category. The SACB, after holding hearings invariably issues the order which requires: 1) listing officers, contributors (members of "action" org.); 2) listing presses, mimeo machines; 3) labeling all mailed matter "Disseminated by . . . . . , a Communist Action organization"; 4) forbidding application for passports or holding defense, federal or union jobs; 5) possible denaturalization or deportation of the foreign born; 6) loss of collective bargaining rights by unions.

PENALTIES

For non-registration: $10,000 fine and five years in jail for each day of failure to register. • **For registration:** Accept the onus of accusations listed in the law; create liability to prosecution under Smith Act and other laws • **Emergency detentions:** When an "internal security emergency" is declared by President or Congress, the Attorney General can "apprehend and detain" persons who "probably will be a danger" and place them in "detention camps."

CATEGORIES

- **"Communist Action"**—controlled and operated to advance the policies and activities of the world communist movement. (Tailored to fit only the Communist Party).
- **"Communist Front"**—controlled by and supporting the policies of the "action" organization. (Can apply to any dissenting group)
- **"Communist infiltrated"**—influenced by a member of the "action" organization and its policies (primarily for unions). Criteria for categories are determined by the extent that ideas and policies "do not deviate" from those of Communists.

REGISTRATION ORDERS AND COURT ACTION

- **"Communist Action":** 1) After 11 years of SACB hearings and Court appeals, the Communist Party and officers were indicated for failing to register. Despite 1963 court ruling—that you could not compel registration because of self-incrimination—**government renewed case March 1965 to force registration.** (Case against officers dropped). 2) Supreme Court invalidated State Dept. denial of passport to three leading Communists (held it was too sweeping). 3) After 5 years litigation Court held that 44 individuals ordered to register as 'members' of Communist Party could not be compelled to do so because it violated Constitutional rights. 4) Eugene Robel, working in a defense facility, won a court decision against a registration order—**government now appealing this decision to force his registration.**
- **"Communist Front":** 1) 23 organizations disbanded following registration orders. 2) After 10 years court dismissed the case against Nat. Council American-Soviet Friendship for lack of proper evidence. 3) After 12 years litigation court vacated orders against Veterans of Abraham Lincoln Brigade and American Com. for Protection of Foreign Born because of stale evidence. 4) **The government has just petitioned for a registration order against the young people's DuBois Clubs.**
- **"Communist Infiltrated":** 1) After 4 years, case against United Electrical Workers was dropped for lack of evidence. 2) After 11 years litigation court ordered case against Mine-Mill Workers Union dropped because of stale evidence.

McCARRANISM

- McCarran Act disclaimer oaths in Student Loan and Medicare programs.
- Speaker bans on campus—denying halls to McCarran Act victims. A political party on trial for first time in U.S.
- Prosecution of civil rights groups under Southern Little McCarran Acts; encourages harrassment and violence by racists and extremists.
- HUAC hearings of peace workers to establish liability under the McCarran Act; hearings on new amendments to extend Act.
- Maintenance of concentration camp sites by Federal Gov't.
- Special FBI files for "Operation Dragnet" to fill camps; paid FBI stoolpigeons in socially conscious groups to prepare McCarran Act cases.
- According to former Atty. Gen Katzenbach, **despite admitted unconstitutionality** of Act, cases are renewed and initiated to cause "collapse" of organizations.

THE LIBERTY YOU DEFEND IS YOUR OWN

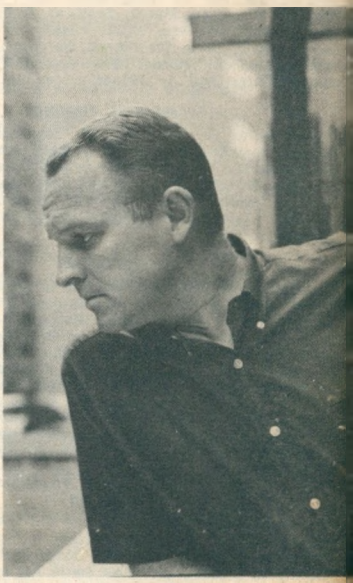
Urge The President — Department of Justice — Congress
To halt McCarran Act prosecutions; Remove Communist disclaimer oaths;
Shut down concentration camp sites; Destroy special FBI lists
Repeal the McCarran Internal Security Act

Make the truth known to your friends and organizations — send for:
"CONCENTRATION CAMPS — U.S.A." **70¢ ea.**
10 or more 60¢ ea. — 25 or more 50¢ ea.
McCARRAN ACT INFORMATION KIT — **50¢ ea.**

CITIZENS COMMITTEE FOR CONSTITUTIONAL LIBERTIES
22 E. 17 St., N. Y., N. Y. 1003 • Rm. 1525 • WA 9-6662

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Charles R. Allen, Jr., the internationally published author and writer, comes singularly equipped to tell the story of *Concentration Camps, U.S.A.* He was the first journalist to break the fact of the McCarran Act detention camps in his 1952 series of articles which appeared in *The New Statesman, The Nation* and *The New York Daily Compass.* His "Concentration Camps in the U.S.A." in *The New Statesman* quickly became a famous piece of reportage that was carried in more than 40 languages by the world's press, radio and TV. Mr. Allen is the author of *Heusinger of the Fourth Reich: The Step by Step Resurgence of the German General Staff* (Marzani & Munsell) which has already been published in 14 countries and sold over a million copies. His most recent works are *German Hand on the Nuclear Trigger* and *Journey to the Soviet Trade Unions.* A film writer as well, Mr. Allen is the co-author of the feature picture, "The Moving Finger," winner of the 1963 San Francisco International Film Festival, as well as other productions. He is 39, married, and has a 15-year-old son.



CHARLES R. ALLEN, JR.

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